

3
THE
FASHIONABLE LADY;
OR
HARLEQUIN'S OPERA.

In the Manner of a
R E H E A R S A L.
As it is Perform'd at the
THEATRE in *Goodman's-Fields*.

Written by Mr. *RALPH*.



L O N D O N:

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M D C C X X X.

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To His GRACE the
DUKE of *MANCHESTER*.

My LORD,



DEDICATION from a
good Writer, to a Per-
son of Taste and Ele-
gance, no more needs
an Apology from the
One, than the Other would require
it : Merit is the strongest Title
to such a Patron ; and such a

A 2

Patron

DEDICATION.

Patron is justly pleas'd with an Opportunity of doing it Honour.

-----Were the Genius of a good Writer mine, my Lord, as the true Accomplishments of a Patron are Yours, 'twould enable me, in some Degree, to deserve the Favour of Your Protection; which, in the present Circumstance, I can owe to Your Good Nature only.-----I must confess it appears no great Compliment, to present Your Grace with a Play, which has not the Sanction of either of the establish'd Theatres, to recommend it.-----However, should it be honour'd with Your Approbation notwithstanding, 'twill be more than Amends for such a Disadvantage, and insinuate to the World,

DEDICATION.

an World, that, as 'twas an Essay to
ur. entertain Politeness and good
od Sense, I might presume to chuse
the a Patron accordingly.

I am with profound Respect,

My LORD,

Your Grace's

Most Obedient

Humble Servant,

J. RALPH.



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		AIR

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Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. Ballad,
Mr. Meanwell,
Mr. Modely,
Mr. Drama,

Mr. Penketbman.
Mr. W. Giffard.
Mr. Bullock.
Mr. Lacey.

Mr. Merit,
Mr. Smooth,
Captain Hackum,
Mr. Whim,
Mr. Trifle,
Voice, Harlequin's Man,

Mr. W. Williams.
Mrs. Thomas.
Mr. Huddy.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Collet.
Mr. Bardin.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Foible,
Mrs. Sprightly,
Prattle,

Mrs. Mountford.
Mrs. Giffard.
Mrs. Palmer.

M U T E S.

Harlequin,
Scaramouch.
Pierot.
Punch.
Pantaloon.
Colombine.

Mr. Burney, Jun.

Sir Peevish Terrible the Critick, Poets, Sailors,
Gods, Goddesses, Witches, Dragons, Devils, &c.



THE
FASHIONABLE LADY;
OR,
HARLEQUIN'S OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Meanwell, Ballad, *and* Modely.

MEANWELL.



Am really surpriz'd, Mr *Ballad*, that you should dishonour your Son's Marriage with such an Entertainment!

Bal. Blood! Mr. *Meanwell*, I don't understand what you intend by dishonouring my Son's Marriage with such an Entertainment.

Mean. Why then, to be plain with you, a modern Opera, in my Opinion, would be but a poor Entertainment at any Marriage.

Mode. Your *English* Operas, I grant you; but your *Italian* would do Honour to a Prince's Marriage.

Mean. Yes, Sir, I believe as much as any other Part of the Ceremony.

Mode. Some People, Sir, who have not been happy in an Ear
B for

2 *The Fashionable Lady; or,*

for so refin'd an Entertainment, have affected to condemn it, only to conceal their Weakness.

Mean. And some People, Sir, from a very fashionable Absurdity, have affected to be in Raptures at a Beauty they did not understand.

Mode. Stocks and Stones! infinitely more stupid and insensible than the Rocks and Woods that, enchanted by the Operas of *Amphion*, danc'd to the Walls of *Thebes*.

Mean. Ha, ha, ha!

Bal. Confound your *Amphion's*, your dancing Rocks, and *Italian* Gimcracks! I sent for you to hear my Friend *Drama's* Play; not to quarrel about squeaking Recitative, paltry Eunuuchs, and a Trill of insignificant out-landish Vowels.

Mode. More good Manners, old Gentleman, or by the Universe I'll leave you and your Poet to howl out your awkward Gibberish, like a Pair of Country Parish Clerks, to your selves.

Bal. Go to the Devil, Sir, if you please. I'gad, there is not a Country Parish-Clerk, that has twang'd a couple of Staves thro' his Nose every *Sunday*, for forty Years successively, but knows more of true Musick than you, and all your *Senesino's* put together. Parish-Clerks, quotha! they are Angels to such effeminate Warblers.

Mode. Abominable Comparison! a Parish-Clerk and *Senesino*! an *English* Opera, and *Radamistus*!

Bal. An *English* Opera and *Rad---dad---da*—— Confound this *Italian*! it ties up a Man's Voice like the Appearance of a Ghost at Midnight.—— Look ye, Sir, there is a certain *English* Opera that shall be nameless——

Mode. I tell you, old Gentleman, you talk like a Madman,—— that very Opera is——

Bal. No Blasphemy against that very Opera!—— I say, 'tis the Master-piece of Art, the Glory of its Author, the Delight of a whole Nation. It ravish'd the Nobility, Men, Women and Children; enchanted the City; and stroll'd all over the Country.—— It makes me as eloquent as Mr. *Quibble* the Orator, and as valiant as Captain *Macbeath*, or a prime Minister Oons, Sir! will you fight for *English* Opera's?

Mode. Fight for the Devil, Sir: I would as soon fight for a common Whore.

Bal. Then bow down in Honour of them, as I do, or, by the Lord *Harry*, I'll send you, for a *Senesino*, to the Grand Signior to warble out Canzatas to his Mistresses, and charm them as far as you are able.— Pox of these Fellows! they roast me like a *Smithfield* Saint in *Fox's Martyrology*. But, to my Comfort here comes my Author—— Servant, Mr. *Drama*!

SCENE

SCENE II. Meanwell, Modely, Ballad, and Drama.

Mean. } Mr. *Drama*, your humble Servant.
Mode. }

Drama. Gentlemen, yours.

Bal. Faith, you are come very seasonably; these two Gentlemen, *Meanwell* and *Modely*, have endeavoured to swinge me, but I have stood my Ground like a *Finsbury Hero*; and now for certain, we'll win the Day, or die like the Prince of *Orange*, in the last Dyke.

Mean. See, Mr. *Drama*, to what a Pitch you have wound up Mr. *Ballad*. He makes Similes like a young Poet in Love, and thunders them out with as much Rapidity as a Sea-Captain swears in the midst of a Storm. Deal ingenuously, Has not *Ballad* an Hand in your Opera? Has not he embroidered it with a few Sonnets and Similes at least? Be frank, we are all Friends.

Bal. Yes, and be hang'd, you are all Friends, indeed; but 'tis, like Court-Members, to the other Side of the Question. Say nothing, Mr. *Drama*; and to prevent any farther Dispute, we'll call in the Players, and begin.

SCENE III. Meanwell, Modely, and Drama.

Drama. To be free with you, Gentlemen, Mr. *Ballad* really imagines he has a Share in this same Opera. You must know, he sent me a whole Quire of Songs, adapted to old Tunes, and made Collections among his Friends, of all the Doggrel Stuff they had ever scribbled to their Mistresses, to help me on with my Design, forsooth! I had immediately almost a Ream of Gilt Paper in Sonnets. It cost me a Fortnight to read them over, they were so wretchedly spelt, and so abominably writ.

Mean. Poor Mr. *Drama*! Faith, I had rather read a Seaman's Journal to the *East-Indies*, or Parson *Scare-Devil's* Sermons against the Stage, than endure such Drudgery. But shall we be-
 nefit by their Labours?

Drama. Benefit! no, no, Mr. *Meanwell*, they were all so execrably vile, that no Benefit can possibly result from them, unless 'tis negatively, by avoiding every Thought, Circumstance, and Expression, that they have us'd. However, I'll venture to give you a Specimen of Mr. *Ballad's* Muse. But here he comes himself.

SCENE IV. Meanwell, Modely, Ballad, and
Drama.

Bal. Well, Gentlemen, are you convinc'd? Are you become Converts to *English* Opera's? Has Mr. *Drama* enlightned your Eyes, and improv'd your Understandings? Has he given you new Ears, Signior *Italiano*? Has he drove your Outlandish Flourishers off the Stage? Hah! poor Rogues! How they look! How they stare! My Eloquence confounds them. I am certainly inspir'd. I'll write Opera's my self. I'll be the *Holothrumbo* of the Age, and have a Statue in *Moor-Fields* erected to my Memory. What Papers are those, *Drama*? Songs let's hear them, my dear Rogue! let them be a Prologue to our Play: Come, tune, my Sons of Cat-gut; my little *Orpheus* tickle it away. Law! I wish I was an Actor. I would sing most melodiously, I would ravish the Ladies with the Harmony of my Voice. The Beaux from the Side-Box should cry, *Bravo Bravissimo!* the Criticks in the Pit, *Encore! Encore!* the Gallery crack with Applause; and the Knights of the *Rainbow* thunder from on high, like a Herd of wild Asses in the Mountains.

Drama. The Gentlemen of the Shoulder-Knot are much oblig'd to you for your Simile. But, since your Voice is so good pray entertain your Friends with this Song of your own composing.

Bal. Ay, ay, with all my Heart, faith: Singing one's own Songs is a double Pleasure, 'tis like a beautiful Prospect on one's own Estate. Hem! hem! hem!

[Reads.] *A Song, by way of Prologue, to the Fashionable Lady, or Harlequin's Opera, by the Worshipful Chaunt Ballad, Esq;*

That's I, Gentlemen, that's I. I am the worshipful *Chaunt Ballad, Esq;* and the Author of this Song. Strike up, Fiddle

Harlequin's OPERA.

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AIR I. A Cobl̄er there was, &c.



*When Farce and when Musick can eke out a Play,
Can write for the Stage, and contend for the Bay,
Hang Graces, and Muses, we need not their Aid,
'Tis our Tunes that we trust, and our Tunes are all made.
Derry down, &c.*

*The Lord, and the Footman, the Squire, and the Cit.
Are charm'd with our Numbers, are pleas'd with our Wit;
'Tis Whim that we follow, 'tis Fashion we chuse,
To crown with new Honours the Opera Muse.
Derry down, &c.*

What, are you all dumb? all dumb! Nay, then 'tis meer
Error; and, by the Lord Harry, I'll triumph over your Ill-na-
ture, as I have already over your Understandings. Come, sit
you down, however, and see if you can deny, Mr. Drama,
what is so notoriously due to the worshipful Chaunter Bal-
lad, Esquire.

SCENE V. Enter Hackum, as just alighted;
several Sailors following with Portmanteaus, &c.

Hack. Go, my bold Hearts! carry your Lading to Mrs. Cheat-
my old Birth in Drury-Lane, and keep a good Look-out,
for

6 *The Fashionable Lady; or,*

for fear of Pirates by the way. Bear a Hand there, fly, begone. By the Wars, there is abundantly more Danger ashore than lying snug in a Harbour. Here are your Whores and Surgeons, Lawyers and Pick-pockets, Priests and Statesmen, that grapple to one's Estate, Body and Conscience, and, on the first Opportunity, blow up all without Mercy. By the Devil, an honest Man is in Danger at every Step.

A I R II. An old Woman poor and blind.



*The honest Tar, that comes from far,
To risque his All ashore,
Receives his Pay, and, ev'ry Day,
Decreases still the Store;
The Draw-back Fees of all Degrees,
The cunning Sharper's Wile,
The modish Game, the wanton Dame,
Soon render vain his Toil.*

In Case of a War, I find, 'twould have been only changing one Set of Dangers for another. But Peace is certainly a good thing, a very good thing; and Land, upon the whole, a safer Element than Water. These whoreson Bullets, and villanous Storms regard a Captain no more than a Swabber. But 'gad I am cursedly gall'd with my Journey, 'tis better to bestride a Yard-Arrow when the Sea runs Mountain high, than ride these damn'd Trotters a League. However, this same Mrs. Foible is my Comfort, she makes Allowance for all my Lee-Way. I shall be as welcome to her as a new Fashion. She is always in Love with a new Fashion; nay, she protests she will marry a new Fashion, then who can bid fairer for her than I; for when was it known before, that a Sea-Captain grew weary of the Service for want of Employ?

SCENE VI. Hackum and Smooth.

Smooth. Captain Hackum, I am your most obedient, most devoted, and most humble Servant. You have just left your Ship.
Captain

Harlequin's OPERA.

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Captain, hah? What News pry'thee, have you triumphed? may one venture to congratulate? You must know, I always believ'd you a most valiant Man, that fighting was your Diversion, and consequently — you know my Meaning.

Hack. You are in the right, young Gentleman, Fighting is my Diversion. I'll tell you, Mr. *Smooth*, in the last Fight in the *Mediterranean*, I kill'd so many, that I was afraid of their Ghosts for above a Month after. In short, I could never turn into my Cabin without getting drunk with the Chaplain, to preserve my self from such troublesome Company.

Smooth. Indeed la! well, upon my Life, this is the only Reason why I did not Ship my self for the Scene of Action at the last Rupture. I knew I should be immoderately valiant, and 'tis really a cursed thing to be plagu'd with one's Enemies after they are dead.

AIR III. When I was a Dame of Honour.



*To shun the dreadful Woes that wait
The mighty Heroe's Passion,
In Peace I wisely chose my Fate,
The Follower of the Fashion!
Like other doughty Sons of War,
Afraid of such Perdition,
To savage Hearts, that tempt the Snare,
I threw up my Commission.*

Well, but Captain tho', if you design to renew your Addresses to Mrs. *Foible*, I can tell you there's a World of Rivals, not to mention your humble Servant, in the Way. There's Mr. *Merit* the unfashionable Man of Sense, Mr. *Whim* the Humourist, Mr. *Trifle* the Virtuoso, and, and, and, *infiniment d'autres* — She is grown a very Goddess, and receives half the Town as her Adorers.

B 4

AIR

The Fashionable Lady; or,

AIR IV. From thee to me she turns her Eyes.



*The courtly Rake, the hoary Sage,
The Officer in Lace,
The sable Priest, the silken Beau,
In Clusters throng to gaze.
With heedless Eye,
Her Glances fly,
Without a Sigh
She sees her Lovers dye, .
Without a Sigh she hears their Woe,
And sees them round her dye.*

Hack. Good, good, I like her Behaviour much, it argues great Discretion. I see she prefers your brave Man, your valiant Man, your Man of Honour, your Champion, your Hero, such as Sir Francis Drake, or Captain Hackum. I shall certainly carry her off, she strikes already, I shall fire only for Honour's sake, and then the Prize is my own.

AIR

Harlequin's OPERA.

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AIR V. Now comes on the Glorious Year.



*Arm, gentle Lordings! arm again
Another Fleet, to fright the Main;
The Shew will all our Vows obtain,
Without the Toil of Fighting:
The Navy, like the Court, will shine,
And Beauty grace the Battel Line;
To Seamen's Airs the Beaux incline,
And Seamen's Dress delight in.*

Smooth. I don't think, Captain *Hackum*, your Happiness so certain as you seem to imagine; for, to my certain Knowledge, there is another Person, who has abundantly more Reason to expect Mrs. *Foible* than you, and who has received more Favours.

Hack. Blood and Thunder! Favours! who dares dream of Favours? I'll Keel-haul the Dog. I'll put him in the Bilboes for a whole Voyage. I'll hang him up at the Yard-Arm.

Smooth. Don't be in a Passion, noble Captain; I only mention'd the Possibility of Favours. I thought one might have insinuated one's own Happiness, without provoking you.

Hack. Your Happiness! what, are you the formidable thing that must out-sail me in this Chace? Death! you are no more to me than a *Dutch* Fly-Boat to a First-Rate Man of War. But I'll soon lower your Topsails, I'll only step home to careen, and then the Lady herself, like an Admiralty Judge, shall determine the Prize.

SCENE VII. *Smooth solus.*

Smooth. Go thy Ways, Bully Hector. I'll find a Means to be reveng'd on this *Triton*, or lose my Reputation with the Ladies for ever. He a Man of Gallantry! He win a fine Lady! the Monster in *the Tempest* might as reasonably expect it. But to my Comfort, I no sooner appear, but he is slighted like an old Fashion.

AIR

*The Fashionable Lady; or,*AIR VI. *Alexis shunn'd, &c.*

*A thousand Rivals round me strove,
 To sooth my Charmer into Love,
 And vainly breath'd their amorous Moan.
 But when I spoke her all divine,
 Her Soul became entranc'd with mine,
 As mine with hers alone.*

Let me see — ay, ay, by the Universe, Signior *Harlequin* the Dumb Conjuror is entirely in the Mode — I'll consult him in my Revenge — as I am a Beau, that will do incomparably — Dem it I was never so cunning before.

SCENE

Harlequin's OPERA.

I.I

SCENE VIII. *Mrs. Foible's House.* Merit *solus.*

Merit. 'Tis a confounded thing to have one's Reason and Inclinations at perpetual variance, and our Resolutions the Sport of either. But just now, I had gravely determined never to see *Mrs. Foible* more, and in that very Instant, I only saw the Tag of her Footman's Shoulder-Knot, and am insensibly betray'd into a Visit to the very Creature I despis'd. Her Cousin *Sprightly* is a thousand times the more deserving Woman; but Passion and Reason are very seldom consistent.

AIR VII. *Why will Florella when I gaze.*



O Love, thou Source of flatt'ring Joy!
 Thou God of pleasing Pain!
 No more thy erring Darts employ,
 Or rack my Heart in vain.
 If ill Success attend my Vows,
 I ne'er enjoy her Charms;
 If good, her Folly crowns my Woes,
 And grieves me in her Arms.

AIR

The Fashionable Lady; or,

SCENE IX. Merit and Sprightly.

AIR VIII. Bury Fair.



Spright. *With folded Hands and watry Eye,
 The pensive Lover stood,
 And now survey'd the Willow Tree,
 And now the passing Flood.
 But while he paus'd upon the Brink,
 Clarinda laughing loud,
 Directs him to the Willow Tree,
 Or bids him chuse the Flood.
 Awak'd by her insulting Airs,
 While Anger thrill'd his Blood,
 He bravely scorn'd the Willow Tree,
 And left the passing Flood.*

Why Merit, what a lamentable, whining, miserable Lover art thou grown of late? The exact Copy of *Dalciuea's* most profound Adorer, the very *Quixot* of true Affection and everlasting Constancy till Death.----- Really my Cousin *Foible* is the very Emblem of Cruelty, to neglect so true a Turtle.--- Poor Creature! I am afraid you'll die of the *English* Disease at last; you'll certainly hang your self, and be brought in Lunatick, by the Coroner's Inquest: Then the doleful Elegies on your Undoing!----- The forsaken 'Squire's Garland!----- *English* Operas!----- And the Two Children in the Wood.--- Ha! ha! ha!

Mer. Faith, Mrs. Sprightly, this is quite unmerciful; you overpower me with your Raillery; you are as keen as the North-wind, in a *March* Morning, and almost as loud; while I, like a duck'd Scold, have scarce Breath or Courage to make you an Answer --- a Lover, I perceive, is grown a greater Rarity than a Ghost; he appears but once an Age, and then is gaz'd at as a Prodigy. --- Upon my Life, at this rate, I shall expect

expect to be shewn up and down the Country as an Exotick, that, like the Aloe in Blossom, can hardly be seen above once in a Man's Life — 'tis certain a Lover is half a Miracle; the Fashionable World hardly ever believes there is such a Creature, and, when it does, 'tis like some wonder in *Guinea*, on the Credit of the Relator.

AIR IX. The Morning Break.



*Your Cupid, and your Hymen now,
When they prepare the Marriage Vow,
Assume the wily Lawyer's Brow,
And ask what Jointure Friends allow.*

*No more they talk of mutual Pain,
The Heart below'd that loves again,
And when they do, they only feign;
Without the Wealth the Passion's vain.*

Spright. Well said — I begin to have some Hopes of you now — when a Lover can attack his own Passion with Humour, I guess that, with a little Pains and Mortification, he may get over it — 'tis a Sign there is still a Remainder of Mirth tickling about his Heart. — But when he answers in Sighs, converses in Groans, reads Romances, repeats the Rants of Tragedy; I am for sending him to the Incurables; he is not fit for this World, I am sure.

Mer. Why then, to be free with you, Madam, I fancy my self a Lover of that Stamp after all; I am like a poor Sculler in a strong Tide, I have labour'd hard against the Stream, but to no purpose, and am, at last, oblig'd to commit my self to Chance, and the Mercy of the Element.

Spright. That is to say, a Woman's Will. — Are not you now the most rash, and inconsiderate of the whole Tribe

The Fashionable Lady; or,

Tribe of Lovers? To risque the Happiness of your Life in so wild a Manner. Why 'tis trusting to Frailty, 'tis depending on Vanity, 'tis courting Inconstancy — You know my Cousin *Foible* is the Assemblage of every Female Folly — true she is beautiful as *Venus*, and would dress like one of the Graces; but that Affectation ruins her Gentility, as Pride sullies her Beauty. — Besides, her Brain is as empty as a Harpsichord, and her Heart as various as its Musick; her Conversation is trifling as an Opera, and her Passions a Medley like an Entertainment.

AIR X. *Peggy grieves me.*



*Like her Pandora left the Skies;
The Snare of pleasing Ruin!
Like hers Pandora's sparkling Eyes,
Were ev'ry Man's undoing.
Tho' Beauties deck'd Pandora's Face,
And Foible boasts as many,
A Curse attended ev'ry Grace,
A Blessing scarce on any.*

Mer.

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Mer. Upon my Life, Madam, this is making too free with your Cousin — I always believ'd she was not the most perfect Woman in Life, but can never believe her the worst — she is still a fine Jewel, tho' 'tis possible a little undervalued by accidental Flaws.

Spright. Come, come, this is only like a Lover, you act still in the same Character — You are like a costive Poet, who thinks he has stumbled on a new Thought, when he has only alter'd the Phrase of an old one. — You can see your Mistress is not perfect, but will not suffer any body else to be as wise as your self. — But I'll convince you presently — I'll shew you this Idol incircled with Adorers, but with such Adorers, as an Idol of any Sense would thunder from its Presence, as Affronts to its Divinity.

AIR XI. Gently touch the warbling Lyre.



Gently, God of fond Desire!

Gently draw this venom'd Dart,

Kindly cool his frantick Fire,

Softly ease his tortur'd Heart;

Pleasing Passion now bestow,

Passion free from ev'ry Woe.

SCENE

SCENE X. *Meanwell, Modely, Drama, Ballad rising in a Rage.*

Bal. Ouns, Mr. *Drama*, what d'ye mean by such stupid Stuff as this? Let me be hang'd if I have not been entertain'd a thousand times better, by the Humours of *Rastigo*, and his *Man Terrible*, at *Southwark-Fair* —

Mean. How, Mr. *Ballad*, I thought *Modely* and I were to have been the formidable Criticks, not you —

Bal. Ay, that's true, that's true — but I expected my own Songs — I am cheated of them all, my Wit is buried, my Reputation lost.

Dra. What, before 'twas earn'd, Mr. *Ballad*? — but have Patience.

Bal. Patience! quotha; where the Devil are the Chorusses? I love a Noise, the Whores and Highwaymen in one Opera, the Beggars in another, and the Rusticks in a third, make a noble Symphony — I faith it sounds better than Church-Musick, it keeps a Man from sleeping bravely — I warrant, Mr. *Drama*, you are above making a Noise — you have no Taste for a Chorus.

Dra. Why truly, Mr. *Ballad*, I have no great Notion of keeping an Audience awake with Noise only — However —

Mean. Silence, Gentlemen; the Opera continues.

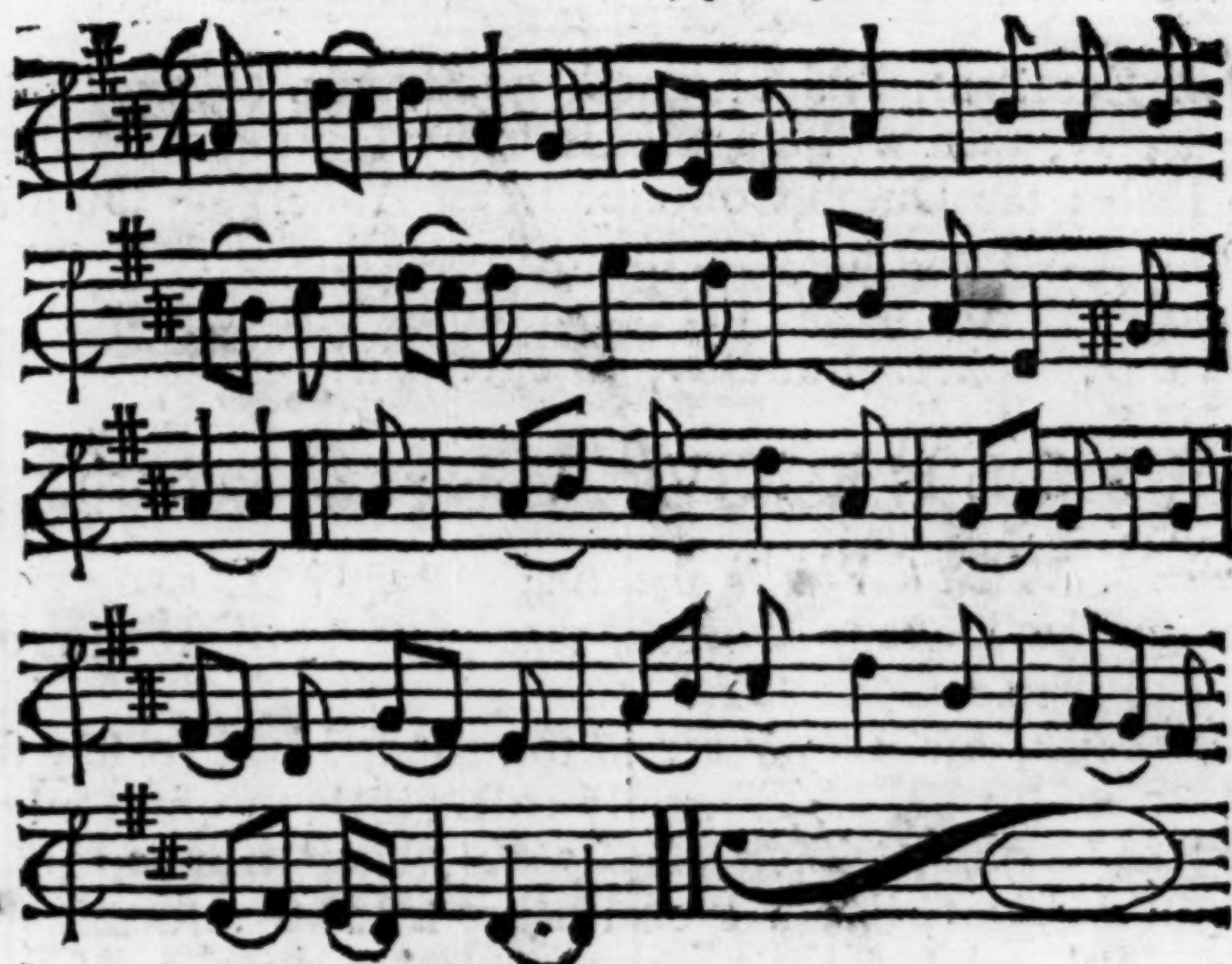
SCENE XI. *Back Scene drawing, discovers Harlequin sitting at a Table, in a great Chair, with Books, Globes, Telescopes, and several Bags of Money before him; round him are waiting Scaramouch, Pierot, Punch, and Pantaloon, to receive their different Dividends. — Voice stands gaping at the Money, and seems to expect a Share.*

Voice. Pox! these dumb Rogues run away with all the Money, like *South-Sea Directors*, or rapacious Politicians — and with no more Regard for a Man of my Wit and Parts, than if I was a meer *Merry Andrew*, an awkward *Pickle-Herring*, or a Common-Place Jester; plague on't, this is insufferable. — But, to say Truth, the Rogues are so much in Fashion, and I so little, that I must submit — Then what signifies it to complain? — No truly, I will be as mute as they, but with more Discretion, and, by my Patience, prove my self a true Philosopher. — Or — else turn Singer, and enter my self at the Play-House as a Chanter of *English Operas*. — Ay, ay, if all Trades fail, that will do infallibly — Hemh! I'll make the most of my Talent that way.

Harlequin's OPERA.

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AIR XII. Fie, pretty *Doris*.



*If there's a Man whose Gothick Lungs
Can labour out your ancient Songs,
The Boast of Stephen's Reign!
The Audience, long estrang'd to Wit,
In Admiration raptur'd sit,
And dye upon the Strain:
'Tis not the Musick they admire,
'Tis not the Fancy, or the Fire;
Alack there's no such Thing!
'Tis Fashion only wins the Town,
'Tis Fashion makes such Stuff go down,
And Fashion makes me Sing.*

[*Loud knocking at the Door.*

Voice. To your Posts, Gentlemen, to your Posts.

SCENE XII. Scaramouch, Pierot, Punch, and Pantaloone sit down as part of the Furniture, at some distance from the Table, while Harlequin sinks into the bottom of the Chair — *Voice* opens the Door, and great Numbers enter tumultuously to enquire their Fortunes: *Voice* takes their Money, and leads them towards the Chair, when Harlequin rising suddenly, they all run off, crying The Devil! the Devil! bless us! the Devil! &c.

C

SCENE

SCENE XIII. Ballad, Meanwell.

Bal. Excellent, i'faith! good, good, Mr. *Drama*! this will do; ay, ay, this will do, this is what I meant; this is your true Taste; the Dumb Conjuror is an Angel ---- Oons I shall fall down and worship him, I am so transported.

Mean. As you would the Devil himself, if he play'd Tricks like a *Bartholemew* Tumbler, to entertain you.

SCENE XIV. Voice and Smooth.

Smooth. What a Pox is the matter here? Do you give Answers by the Dozen, Doctor, that your Querists run off together in such a Confusion?

Voice. No, Sir, they were in too much Haste to stay for an Answer at all; the Doctor only rose a little too suddenly from a Cabinet-Council with *Mephostophiles*, his Patron, and they ran away in a Fright, like a Pick-Pocket from a reforming Constable, He! he! he!

Smooth. Mercy on me. ---- Does the Doctor really deal with the Devil then?

Voice. Really Sir? I wonder you should question it. The way, Sir, softly, softly ---- do you see those Figures that sit gravely yonder?

Smooth. Ay, Sir! and what then! ---- I begin to tremble.

Voice. Soft Sir, soft, I beseech you, they are his Familiars.

Smooth. The Devil they are, in the Name of ---- Dem I can't pray, for my Life, 'tis so long since I tried.

Voice. Don't be afraid, Sir ---- they are only dancing Devils for the Entertainment of such Customers as you ---- I'll speak the Doctor to give you a Dance. — [To Har.] A most excellent Fool, Master ---- let us make the most of him — 'tis for as he that support our Reputation, and fill our Pockets in the Bargain. —

Harlequin rises, and waving his Wand leads up his Companions in a Dance.

Smooth. Hark ye, Mr. — a — what may I have the Honour to call your Name, Sir?

Voice. O dear Sir! *Voice*, at your Honour's Service.

Smooth. Pray, Mr. *Voice*, do their Devilships love Music at well as Dancing?

Voice. Oh Sir, prodigiously, like a *Petit Maitre*, they are behind the Scenes at the Opera every Evening.

Smooth. Then I'll never go there any more, that's certain.

Harlequin's OPERA.

19

AIR XIII. What need I to care how the World goes.



*While sweet, smooth, and clear,
Musick charms your Ear,
Devils may be near,
Pois'ning the Sound.*

Voice. *Devils still are near,
Laughing in your Ear,
When Fools pay so dear,
Only for Sound.*

[While he sings, Harlequin and Panteloon stand on his right Hand, mimicking his Action, Pierot and Scaramouch on his left, Voice behind; when he has done, they all Dance round him, till by degrees he is push'd into the Doctor's Chair; which rises towards the Roof of the House, while they continue Dancing below.]

Smooth. Oh Lard! Oh Lard! What, am I going to the other World already? upon my Soul, good Gentlemen Devils, I am not prepar'd; I am not prepar'd, indeed ----- dear Mr. Voice, sweet Mr. Voice intercede for me with their Devilships ----- very hard, indeed 'tis very hard, for they never carried any body upwards before, that ever I heard of.

Voice. Why, where are you, Sir? What's become of you? Are not you safe in the middle of us? What can you desire more? Are not the Doctor and the Devil a sufficient Guard?

Smooth. Pox take them both ----- I had liketo have said. Why I am up in the Clouds ----- I am going Post to the other World, in an easy Chair.

Voice. Alas! poor Gentleman ----- as I hope to breathe ----- in the Clouds ----- he'll be in the Moon in half an Hour, at this Rate ----- I fancy he has not paid the Doctor for his Dance ----- and he does nothing without Encouragement.

C 2

Smooth.

Smooth. Gad forgive me, there's my Purse ----- and I'll send him a World of Customers into the Bargain. ----- All the Fools I know, that is to say all my Acquaintance.

[*Harlequin waves his Wand, and he is let down.*

Oh Lard! I am glad I am on *Terra firma* again, I shall never have a Fancy to go upwards any more, as long as I live ----- I swear going upwards is a very strange thing --- 'tis no wonder so few are desirous of taking that Journey. ----- Pox take them, they have disorder'd my Peruke most furiously.

Voice. But the Customers, Sir, you'll be sure to send the Customers.

Smooth. Oh certainly, dear Mr. *Voice.* ----- Mrs. *Foible*, and all. ----- But then let me beg of you to confirm her in my Favour, and, and, and frighten Captain *Hackum*; as you have done me, that's all: To say Truth, that was my Business here, tho' I had not the Courage to tell it before. ----- Indeed, I am so disorder'd with the Honour their Devilships have done me, I can add no more, unless that I am, Reverend Doctor, your most Obedient, most Dutiful, and most Humble Servant ----- Good Gentlemen Devils, yours most sincerely. ----- [*Exit.*

Voice. Ha! ha! ha! Doctor, we shall live, we shall flourish ----- the World is all our own, that's certain ----- 'tis only ask and have, that's all, that's all.

A I R XIV. O raree Show, O, bravee Show.



*Dis be de fine English Signior Harlequin,
Dat playa de prettiest Trick dat ever vas seen;
And Dese be his Companion, one, two, tree, four,
Dat drivea de damn'd Shakespear out of Door.*

O raree Show, &c.

Here

Harlequin's OPERA.



*Here be de fine Dancer dat jumpa so high,
And call de huge Dragon from out of de Sky;
Dese be de prettya Ting dat Charma de Age,
Dat starvea de Poet, and honour de Stage.*

O raree Show, &c.

CENE XV. *Mrs. Foible's House. Foible and Prattle.*

Foib. Prattle!

Prat. Mem!

Foib. When was Mr. Smooth here?

Prat. Why last Night, Mem, when he waited on your La'ship to the Masquerade.

Foib. O dear, I had forgot ----- People of Fashion have so many Engagements, that they quite disorder the Memory ----- but your short Memory is intirely the Fashion ----- your Statesman forgets his Promises, your Courtier his Debts, your Priest his Morality, your Tradesman his Honesty. -----

Prat. And your La'ship your old Fashions.

Foib. That's true, Prattle; I hate old Fashions; ---- I would not eat, if I could help it, meerly because 'tis an old Fashion; and your Vulgar have the Assurance to Eat, as well as your Persons of Quality. ----- Oh Ged, I love your Man of Quality, his Dress is so negligently modish, his Bow so gently graceful, and his Language so sweetly perswasive, that, in my Opinion, he is the finest Character in Life; 'tis perfectly a Pleasure to hear such a one talk, and, were there not a sort of Bewitchment in Variety, I would not admit of an humble Servant that was not a Man of Quality.

The Fashionable Lady; or,

AIR XV. Buff-Coat.



*From Birth-Night Show,
The powder'd Bean,
All essenc'd sweetly over,
With softest Art,
Affails your Heart;
A dangerous tempting Lover!
When Cupid wears
A Courtier's Airs,
What Belle could guard her Honour?
But that her Pride
Demands, beside,
A Crowd to wait upon her.*

AIR XVI. Mirleton.



Prat.

*When a Lady fair, like you, Mem,
Grows in Love with Hymen's Noose,
Such a Crowd is but her Due, Mem;
Let her from a Thousand choose,
For a Mirleton, Mirleton, &c.*

SCENE

SCENE XVI. Foible, Prattle, Whim, and Trifle.

Trifle. Madam, I am yours in all bounden Duty.

Whim. Lady, your most humble Servant; my Friend *Trifle* here, by his Grotesque Compliment, had almost made me resolve against all Salutations whatever.

Foible. You are in your old Humour, Mr. *Whim*, I perceive, of railing against every Person's Manners that are not like your own.

Trifle. Verily, Madam, his own are such a Rarity, that nobody can produce any like them.

Whim. Then I present them to you, Mr. *Butterfly*, to adorn your Collection of Wonders with.

Trifle. Truly, I can have but a Copy, and that will cost more than 'tis worth.

Foible. I don't think so, Mr. *Trifle*; for he changes so often, that 'twould be almost a Miracle to have any Copy of him at all.

Whim. 'Tis true, Madam, I change pretty often, but a Lady of Fashion so much oftner, that I can't, for my Life, keep the Tally even.

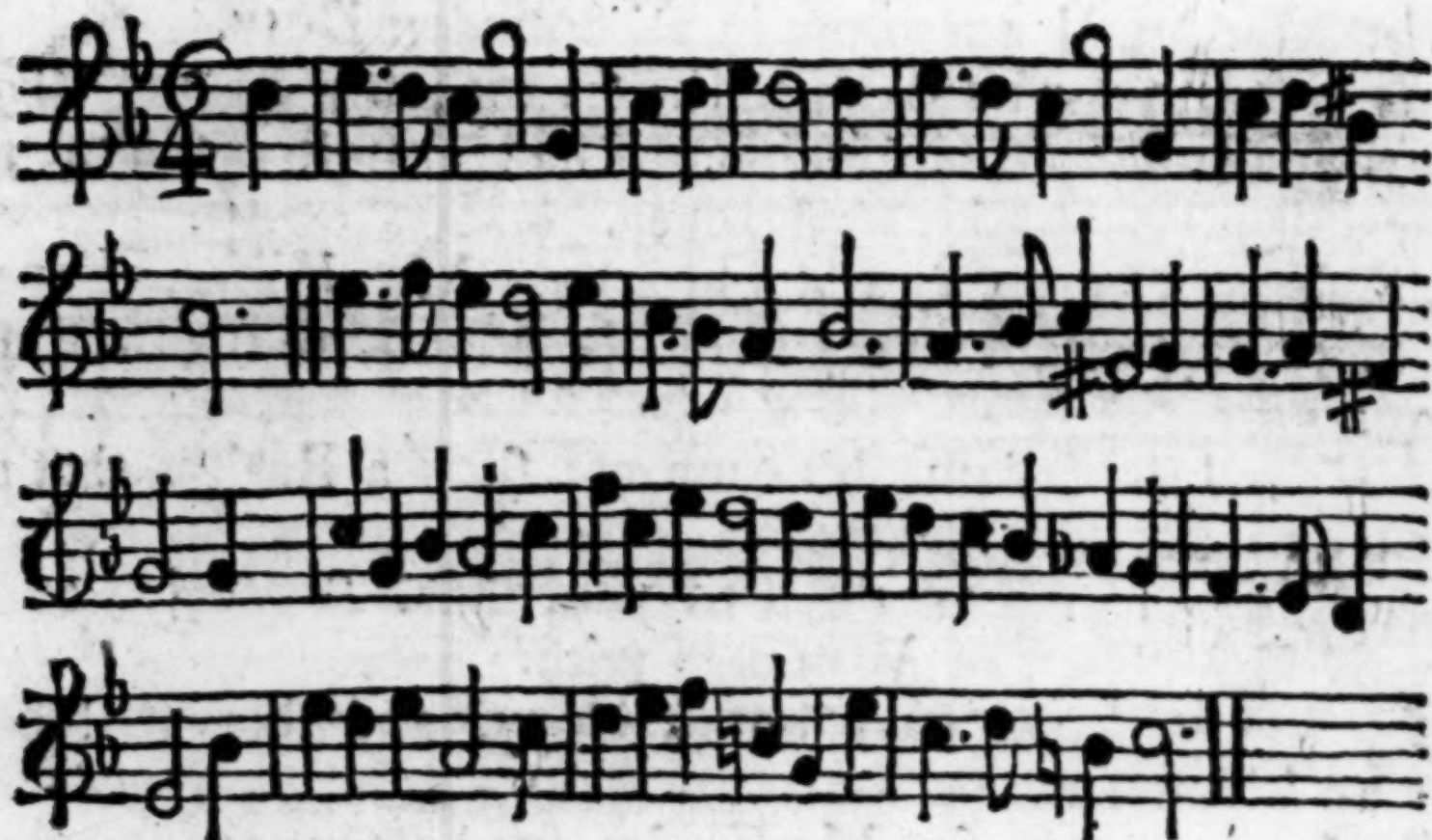
AIR XVII. Ye Jacks of the Town.



The Maid in her Prime, who frolics with Time,
And follows Fancy still,
As Fashion will lead, as Appetite plead,
Like a Dial sets her Will; with a Hum, Hum.
But honest old Time, that withers her Prime,
And changes all we see,
Can't change for his Life, so hard is the Strife,
Can't change so fast as she; with a Hum,

The Fashionable Lady; or,

AIR XVIII. I'll rove and I'll range.



Foible. *At Pleasure I'll range,
 At Pleasure I'll change;
 Thro' a Maze of Delight:
 Let Time take his Flight,
 As fast I'll persue,
 My Joys to renew.
 All, all the whole Circle shall be in my View,
 All, all, &c.*

Trifle. Well sung, very well sung truly; I find now that a fine Lady is a *Cameleon*, only your *Cameleon* does not change quite so often. ---- Madam, I have the most beautiful *Cameleon* in the World, except your Ladyship; verily I only want your Ladyship, to compleat my Collection, and make it the finest in the World.

Whim. What the Devil, would you place the Lady on top of an Antique Pedestal, like a *Grecian Venus*, to preside over Butterflies, and Spiders?

Trifle. On my Life, very well said ---- the Lady would make an incomparable *Venus*; verily I would give half my Estate for such a *Venus*.

Whim. Why thou egregious Trifler, thou art just the Reverse of *Pigmalion*, thou art thinking the Lady a Statue indeed--- I hate such absurd Bunglers in Science; this Creature apes your true Philosopher, as a Monkey would a Man.

AIR

Harlequin's OPERA.

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AIR XIX. Dear *Catholick* Brother.



*Set up with a pretty Collection of Flies,
With Spiders, and Beetles, of ev'ry Size;
With Medals, corroded with Time and with Rust,
With Worm-eaten Manuscripts cover'd with Dust,
With worshipful Mummies of Priests, and of Kings,
And a long Muster-Roll of such terrible Things;
With awkward Addresses, he sues for a Bride,
To gape at his Wonders, and ---- sleep by his Side.*

Trifle. By the *Vatican*, Mr. *Whim*, I don't understand this Language, 'tis very unlike the Elegance of the Ancient *Romans*; and mathematically demonstrates the Degeneracy of this *Gotbick* Age. — But you are a downright Humorist, a Son of the Spleen, a Regarder of Winds, a Prophefier of ill Weather, a Dealer in Omens, the very Image of Caprice, and almost a Lunatick.

Whim. What a Pox. —

Trifle. Nay, nay, Mr. *Whim*, I will be heard in my Turn, tho' it were in the Royal-Society. — Verily, Madam, I say, were it possible, in *Rerum Natura*, for this Weathercock, with his perpetual change of Humours, to win your Ladyship, before the End of the Honey-Moon, as 'tis vulgarly call'd, you should be neglected like a common Pebble, or a Counterfeit Coin.

AIR

AIR XX. *Willey was a wanton Wag.*

*Take heed, fair Lady, how you trust
 A Man so various in his Mind;
 Like April Days his Passions change,
 His Pleasures like the fickle Wind:
 If e'er by chance a transient Smile
 Displace a Frown, displace a Frown;
 How soon he wears his gloomy Airs;
 And turns again a sullen Drone?*

Whim. Why, what a Devil! do I live to be insulted by a Dealer in Counters, a Warehouse-keeper of Fragments, a Destroyer of Insects, a Worshipper of Graven Images, a meer Book-worm. The Caterpillar of Science — Oons, I'll be reveng'd —

Trifle. And so will I, Mr. *Cholerick*, in an honourable way; tho' I think the *Romans* encourag'd no such thing as Duelling.

Foible. Hold, hold, Gentlemen; if I endure you as Admirers, I admit of no Champions — I'll have no Fighting — at least in my Presence. — It ruffles my Temper, and reddens my Complexion too much.

Whim. At your Request, Madam, I will be patient.

Trifle. Then it behoveth me to be so.

Foible. Now if these Fools would have cut one another's Throats any where else, it might have given some Importance to one's Beauty; some Tragical Soneteer would have celebrated my Charms, and bewail'd their Misfortune.

AIR

AIR XXI. Bright *Aurelia*.



*If e'er, in Honour of the Fair,
A Lover bleeding lies;
The fatal Wound, the dire Despair,
In Pity, tune some moving Air,
And lull him as he dies.*

And truly in my Opinion, that's Consolation enough for a Lover.

SCENE XVI. Foible, Prattle, Whim, Trifle, and Hackum.

Hack. Madam, by your Leave [*kisses* Foible.] yours most heartily — Ah hah! Are you there, my little Tender? [*kisses* Prattle.] Gentlemen what Cheer! I'gad, for my part, I am as tir'd of Eating and Drinking, as of the Rains on the Coast of Guinea, or Calms in the South-Sea.

Foible. Then I suppose, Captain, you pray for Action now, instead of your Daily-Bread.

Hack. Blood, Madam, I have pray'd for it as heartily as ever I did for a fresh Gale, or a smooth Sea; a Weather Shore, or fresh-Water — But no more of that, I don't care to lose my Commission, for let me tell you, a Captain without his Commission, is like a Blunderbuss without Powder.

AIR

*The Fashionable Lady; or*AIR XXII. *The Budgean* it is a fine Trade.

*Atwart the Waves, in martial Pride,
 Full gallantly we lay;
 A nobler Sight you'll never see
 Upon a Summer's Day!
 With Songs, with Revelry, and Mirth,
 We made our Station gay;
 And so we liv'd the Sons of Peace,
 And so we came away.*

Foible. Well, but Captain, have you no News to tell us from on Board?

Hack. No faith, Madam, I never trouble my self but with my own Journal, and that's a Blank hitherto.

Whim. Good, very good.

Trifle. This Sea-Captain is a perfect Rarity, I wish I had the Mummy of such a Fellow, I am of Opinion he would look as formidably in his gilded Searcloths, as in his Embroideries.

Foible. But Captain, had you a great deal of good Company Aboard?

Hack. Death! Madam, we were perfectly a new Fashion, and were visited accordingly, by all the fine People round the Country; I wonder your Ladyship was not amongst us.

Foible. La! what an Entertainment have I lost? What an Opportunity of being quite in the Mode! and making more Conquests than the whole Fleet? Why I shall be quite ridiculous — I shall be the Scandal of every Visiting-Day for a Month — *Prattle*, what was the Reason I did not pay my Compliments to the Fleet?

Prat. Why, *Mem*, your Ladyship was pre-engag'd for the Tork Races, with Lady *Quickset*, and Lady *Mandrake*.

Foible.

Harlequin's OPERA.

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Foible. Devil take them for being so impertinent, as to hinder me from so fashionable a Journey.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Ladyship's Bookseller has sent you in all the *English Operas*, according to your Ladyship's Order.

Foible. Has he! — then come along, Gentlemen — we shall make an excellent Concert — I am impatient to sing them over — for I can assure you 'tis a very fashionable Entertainment. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XVII. Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama.

Ball. Excellent! and, while they sing over the dear Operas, let us regale our selves with a Bottle within.

Meanw. That's positively the best thing you have said yet, Mr. Ballad.

Drama. Really I think so too.

Ball. Ah, Gentlemen, let me alone for a Jest.

Modely. If you are in Jest now, Mr. Ballad, I shall wish you and your Opera at the Devil together. — These villainous *Gothick* Tunes have quite set my Teeth an Edge — I feel a sort of an Antipathy to an old *English* Tune, that shocks me worse than the setting of a Saw, or a Concert of Midnight Cats in a Gutter. — But there's one Act over however, and I'll comfort my self with that Consideration.

The End of the First Act.

ACT



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Meanwell, Modely, Drama.

Mean. **A**FTER all, Mr. *Drama*, I can't help thinking, that the Success of these Novelties, these double-form'd Trifles, is intirely owing to Whim and Caprice; a kind of National Phrenzy, like that of purchasing *South-Sea* Stock, in the Year Twenty, or the Gape at Doctor *Faustus* ever since.

Drama. Really, Sir, I believe there is some Humour in the Case, but 'tis chiefly owing, in my Opinion, to the Want of better Entertainments; the Town, in general, has now a tolerable good Taste, and when a fine Tragedy, or genteel Comedy appears, never fail to receive it with all the Applause it deserves.

Mode. And why forsooth must it be entertain'd with Tragedies and Comedies? Are there not *Italian* Opera's just come over? Is not Musick the politest Entertainment in the World?

Mean. Yes, for your Men of Mode, who have not Sense enough to relish any thing beside; Creatures that, like a certain wise Animal, are all Ear——

S C E N E II. Meanwell, Modely, Drama, Ballad.

Bal. Well, Gentlemen, are You all agreed at last ——
Meanwell, pr'ythee condescend to be in the Mode for once, and be pleas'd, like us, and the rest of the World, with this pretty Interruption of musical Jingle, and modish Sing-song.

Mode. Like us? Dem it, like you, and your Author if you please; but, as for me, I would not be suspected for an Admirer of such rude Harmony, by the *Connoisseurs* in Musick, on any Account; no, not for a Front-Box *Gratis*, thro' the whole Season.

Mean. Nor wou'd I, Mr. *Ballad*, forfeit my Reason so far, as to approve an Absurdity, for all the Reputation of your most popular Authors.

Bal. Then you are both a Couple of obstinate Hereticks, d'ye see! and by the Lord *Harry*, at the Opening the Playhouse, every Winter, I'll have you burnt in Effigy, like the Devil and his Holiness, on the Fifth of *November*: and so, Gentlemen, a Fig for your Ears, and your Judgment too. Let us proceed, Mr. *Drama*——

SCENE

Harlequin's OPERA.

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SCENE III. Merit and Sprightly.

Spright. Well, Mr. *Merit*, are you convinc'd? are your Eyes open'd? — On my Conscience I believe you are the first Lover, that was ever discontented with the true Picture of his Mistress. O Lud, O Lud! you are as melancholy as a plunder'd Miser, or a fall'n Statesman.

Merit. For Goodness Sake, Madam, have some Compassion on me. 'Tis true, I am a little gloomy to think my self station'd among such a *Groupe* of grotesque Figures, like the Adorers of *Fortune* in a *Dutch* Picture — but I shall recover presently, if you will let me breathe — Pray, Madam, let me breathe a little —

Spright. No, no, I will not give you Time to breathe, you don't deserve to breathe, while you entertain so absurd a Passion; and a Moment's Reflection on your fantastick Idol, will undo all your Resolution.

AIR XXIII. While I fondly view my Charmer.



When fond Passion thrills the Lover,
Soft the subtle Anguish flies,
Gay Delusions cloud him over,
Deaf his Ears, and dim his Eyes.
All his Thoughts are ever roving
O'er his beauteous Idol's Charms;
All his Soul is fond of Loving,
All his Joy within her Arms.

Merit.

Merit. Well, Madam, I own you are in the right ; yet she is exceedingly handsome, and if one cou'd conquer her Vanity — but I grant 'tis impossible ; Affectation in a Woman is as invincible as Cowardice in a Man.

A I R XXIV. Plus inconstant que l'Onde & le Nuage.



*When Woman once takes in her Head to persue
The Humours, the Follies, and Modes of the Town;
Shew, Conquest, and Dress, she has only in View,
She fancies no Beauty so bright as her own;
Thro' a Round of Amusement she hurries the Day,
With the Frolick, the Fickle, the Vain, and the Loud,
And trifles her Life in a Flutter away,
The Scorn and the Jest and the Laugh of a Croud!*

Spright. Ha! ha! ha! very sententious truly; on my Life you make a very pretty Figure, railing against the very Thing you doat on—Come, lay your Hand on your Heart now, and feel whether it has not its usual Pit-a-pat-ation at Mrs. Foible's Name—Look—look—just as I suspected! Your Blushes betray you. You are endeavouring to deceive your self; your Resentment is perfectly a Lover's: You rave at my Cousin, not because You hate Her, but because She does not love You: like the *Thames*, when the Wind blows opposite to the Tide, you seem to go one Way, when you are actually running another—Were *Foible* a Person of real Merit—I'll be hang'd if you wou'd give your self half this Uneasiness about her.

Harlequin's OPERA.

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AIR XXV. Oh cruel Tyrant Love.



*The little, wanton God
Directs his idle Darts,
With random Aim abroad,
And wounds discordant Hearts.*

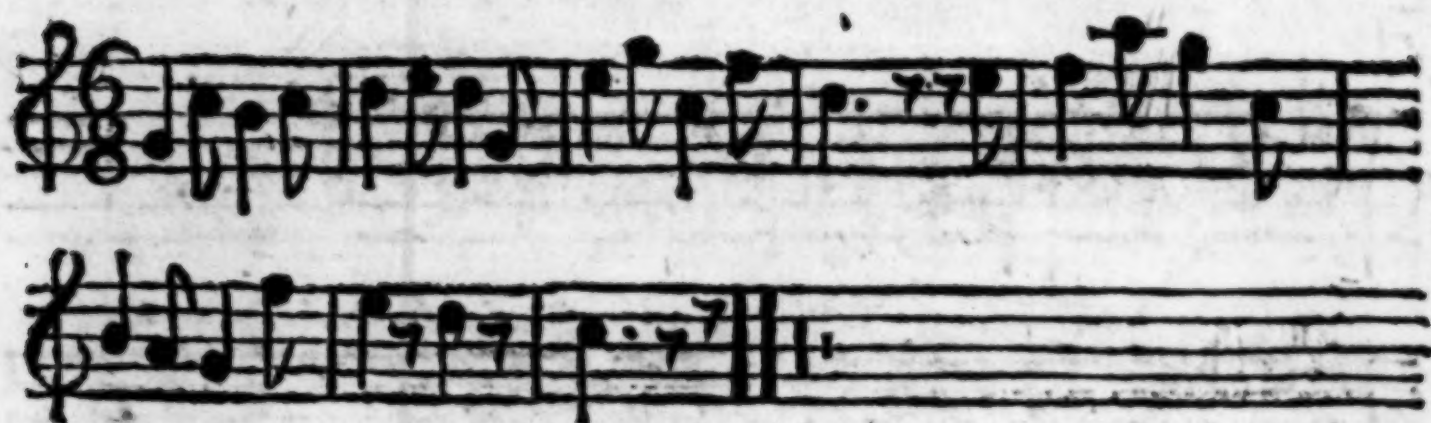
*Thou little, wanton God,
Forbear thy idle Darts,
Or wing their future Road
To sympathising Hearts.*

Merit. Well, on my Conscience, Mrs. Sprightly, you begin to talk like one of us now. This Song is perfectly in the Lover's Strain. I shall relish your Company most exceedingly, I am sure. Your Lovers are the best Company in the World, we shall now be able to sigh in Concert, and complain of our hard fates, alternately, with the greatest Concord imaginable: We shall echo to one another, like Mr. Dryden's Turtles.

D

AIR

AIR XXVI. The Lucky Hit.



*In this Anguish, cease to languish,
Thus I sadly sing;
'Tis now too late, to rave at Fate,
Alas! poor Thing!*

*Spright. Simple Lover, Hope give over,
I as sadly sing;
Your foolish Pain, is all in vain,
Alas! poor Thing!*

Merit. In this Anguish,

Spright. You may languish,

Both. Thus I sadly sing;

Spright. Your foolish Pain,

Merit. Like your's is vain,

Both. Alas! poor Thing!

Spright. Well! well! Mr. *Merit*, I am glad you are so merry, tho' it is at my Expence: I'll be contented to look as ridiculous as you, or any other Romantick Lover, to do my Friend a Service; and I assure you that's what I intend you, tho' to lessen my Cousin's Train of Admirers, without increasing my own.

Merit. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, Madam, and you shall henceforward see, with what Resolution I'll disengage myself from her Snare.

Spright. She is coming this Way, I see; wherefore, if you have me believe you, avoid her at once, and let one Pang serve for all.

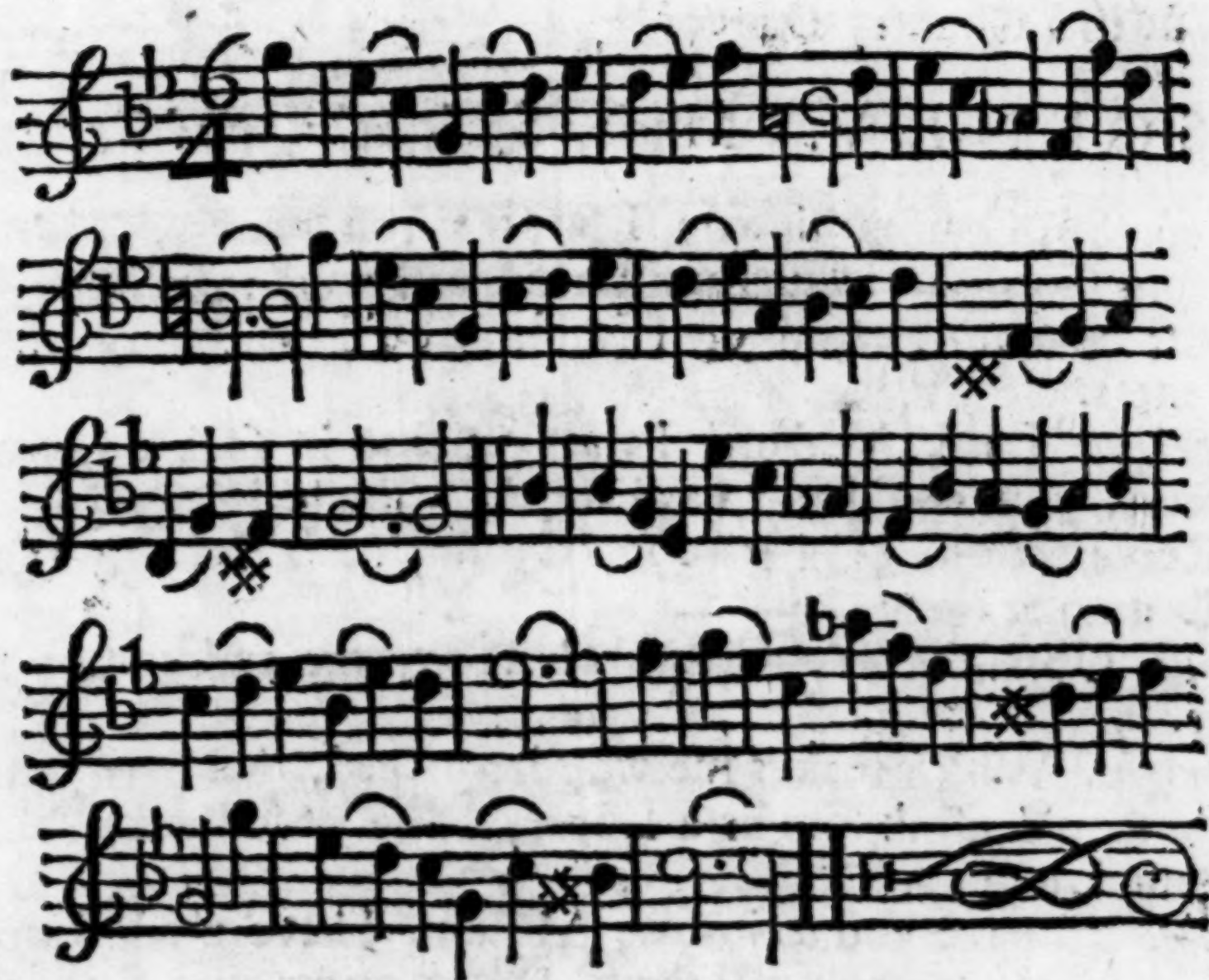
Merit. I'll only stay to tell her I am free; and then —

Spright. And then you'll be just where you were before — Devil take her for this unseasonable Interruption. [Exit]

Harlequin's O P E R A.

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A I R XXVII. See, see, my *Seraphina* comes.



Mer. See ! see ! like Venus she appears,
 With all her Heaven of Charms ;
 Her spotless Form, her blooming Tears
 Enchant me to her Arms.
 Were I to chuse my fav'rite Joy,
 Or Love, or Kingly Sway ;
 Her Smiles shou'd all my Hours employ,
 And sport the World away.

Enter Foible.

SCENE IV. Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama.

Bal. Oons ! Mr. Drama, I don't like these *Merits*, and *brighlys*, and *Smooths*, and *Foibles*, they are not the proper subjects of an Opera — I tell you, High-way-men and Whores, beggars, and Rusticks are your only People ; 'tis they raise the loud Laugh, — I say, Sir, let us have some Whores, a *Chorus* of Whores, or a Gang of Street-Robbers, it does my Heart good to see them.

Mean. 'Tis but common Justice then, to wish your Bed may be always supplied with a Specimen of the first, and your Roads with the last.

Drama. You're too severe, Mr. Meanwell ; pray let Mr. Ballad indulge his Taste in Whores and Highwaymen, if he pleases.

D 2

Mode.

36 *The Fashionable Lady; or,*

Mode. For Shame, Gentlemen, let the Play proceed: Don't you see the Actors stand gaping at one another, like People that are out in a Country Dance?

SCENE V. Merit, Sprightly, and Foible.

Foib. So, Cousin, 'tis you, I see, that run away with Mr. *Merit* from Company; but I must needs tell you, that 'tis very unpolite; and no Person of Fashion wou'd be guilty of such Rudeness.

Spright. Lard, Madam! I thought that in such a Crowd of Adorers, you cou'd not have miss'd a single Person. — But, on Recollection, I ask Pardon, Cousin, he is the only Man of Sense among them —

Foib. Unfashionable Creature! Why, she endeavours to be witty.

Spright. Which makes me wonder indeed, that ever your Ladyship shou'd admit him as a Lover, or he become an Admirer of your Ladyship.

Foib. I'll have you to know, Madam, I have made Fools of Men of Sense, as you call them, before now; and shall again, when you have not a Fellow to bless your self with.

Spright. The more's the Pity, that's all, Madam. Ha, ha, ha!

Foib. What Airs the Thing gives her self! Positively, I am almost angry. — I feel my whole Complexion is perfectly engrain'd, like a Country Milk-maid's. Bless me! I am out of Countenance at my own Face. [*Looking in a Pocket-Glass.*]

Spright. Well, but Cousin, I hope you'll furnish me, now and then, with some unfashionable cast-off Lovers, as you do Prattle with your old Gowns. You may do this, methinks, out of meer Charity.

AIR XXVIII. Sleepy Body.

[*Begin the Tune at the Double Bar.*]



Foib.

Foolish Lover!

Silent Lover!

How can you let her teize me?

Quick

*Quick discover,
Stupid Lover!*

How you are bound to please me.

Merit.

*When you shou'd be kind,
You always are blind
To the Sorrows I daily suffer;
Fair Lady! bestow
Some Respite from Woe,
And pity a faithful Lover.*

Spright.

*Foolish Lover!
Silent Lover!
How can you let me teize her?
Quick discover,
Stupid Lover!
How you are bound to please her.*

Ha, ha, ha! poor Cousin! why, you look as melancholy as your Lover; and your Lover, as you: I never saw a Couple of better Figures in my Life; on my Conscience, you wou'd do admirable well for the last Scene in a Tragedy.—You are the very Images of Spleen and Melancholy, Surely, this can never be the facetious Mr. Merit, and this the celebrated Mrs. Foible! Ha, ha, ha!

Foib. Insulting Creature! these Wits are the greatest Fools in the Universe. *Merit*, you're a Coxcomb; I cou'd cry for Vexation — but that Tears are out of Fashion.

Merit. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam, I am exceedingly concern'd to see you so disorder'd. —

Foib. Disorder'd! Who told you I was disorder'd, Mr. *Wisdom*? You are a hopeful Lover, to see me abus'd so scandalously, without speaking a Word in my Favour. — I can tell you, Sir, 'tis only fashionable to suffer one's Friends to be rail'd at behind their Backs.

Merit. Upon my Life, Mrs. *Sprightly*, you are too hard upon your Cousin, — yet, Madam, I am sure her Railery is in perfect good Humour; otherwise, — Madam, — a — that Look has undone me again. — I see you don't believe me, and yet, Madam, my Heart is sincere enough to deserve your Credit, tho' not worthy your Esteem.

*The Fashionable Lady; or,*AIR XXIX. *Would Fate to me Belinda give.*

*Oh! take me, Charmer, to thy Breast,
And let me breathe my Love-sick Pain;
Oh hear my Vows, by Truth imprest,
And sooth my anxious Soul again.*

*No Peace my anxious Soul can know,
When you, my Fair, in Anger frown;
It wanders thro' a Wild of Woe,
To other anxious Souls unknown.*

AIR XXX. *Cease your Funning.*

Spright.

*Idle Creature!**Form and Feature**Give thy anxious Soul its Pain;**Pretty Faces,**Modish Graces,**O'er thy conquer'd Reason reign:**Slave*

Harlequin's OPERA.

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*Slave to Passion!
Fool to Fashion!
Rouse thy Courage to thy Aia;
If, to gain thee,
She disdain thee,
Let her, let her dye a Maid.*

Foib. Oh, Madam! that is not in his Power, I can assure you;
and, as long as 'tis the Fashion to marry, I shall never want Opportunity, or Inclination.

SCENE VI. Merit, Sprightly, Foible, and Smooth.

AIR XXXI. *Cupid, God of pleasing Anguish.*



Foib. Cupid, let my Lovers languish,
Let them feel thy keenest Anguish,
Let them groan with all thy Pain:
We shou'd ne'er avoid complying,
They no longer talk of Dying,
Did their Hearts at Ease remain.

Smooth

Smooth. Cupid, let me ever languish,
Let me feel thy sweetest Anguish;

Foib. Let him groan with all thy Pain.

[To *Merit*.

Smooth. Let my Angel be complying,

Foib. Let him always talk of Dying,

Both. Let us always thus remain.

Smooth. Upon my Soul, Madam, we are perfectly the Loadstone and the Needle; I obey all your Motions implicitly. Gad! I miss'd your La'ship the very Moment you was gone, merely by Sympathy. — I was sending *Hackum* to the Dumb Conjuror to enquire his Fortune; when, of a sudden, I felt a sort of a, sort of a — Dem it! when a Man is in Love, he had need carry a Folio Dictionary in his Pocket, I think. — But I am sure you — a — understand me, Madam.

Spright. If Mrs. *Foible* does, I am sure no-body else can.

Foib. There's no-body else has any Business with it, as I know of.

Merit. It is very happy for them, in my Opinion.

Foib. What! again, with your Impertinence? Sir, I thought you had been answer'd before. As I hope to breathe, Mr. *Smooth*, these two ill-bred Creatures have perfectly agreed to give me the Vapours; where one ended the unfashionable Railery, the other took it up, like a Dust in an Opera: I was never so absurdly treated since I was a Person, before.

Spright. Upon my Life, Cousin, we have done you no Injustice that I know of.

Smooth. No Injustice, Mem! 'tis Injustice to mention such a Lady without Adoration.

Merit. How! Mr. *Smooth*, Adoration!

Smooth. Yes, Sir, I say Adoration! and what then, Sir? Is that Word your's, that I mayn't use it as I please?

Merit. No, really Sir, I never make use of it but in my Prayers.

Smooth. Prayers! Ha, ha, he! why I never pray'd in my Life.

Spright. So 'tis a Sign.

Smooth. Sign, Mem! Why so? I don't understand you, Mem!

Spright. I did not suppose you wou'd; Prayers and Understanding generally go together.

Foib. So, Mr. *Smooth*! we are all treated alike, you see.

Smooth. Dem it, Madam! they can't provoke me; I can feel nothing but Pleasure in your Ladyship's Company.

Foib. Fine! gallant! when wou'd the ingenious Mr. *Merit* say such a Thing?

Merit. When your La'ship gives me an Opportunity.

Spright.

Spright. And that will never be, I am sure, 'till you have as many Accomplishments as the fashionable Mr. *Smooth*.

Smooth. Faith, Mem, to say Truth, I have some Accomplishments, which some other Persons need very much, for what can tell.

Merit. Oh, Sir! there is no Man in *England* has so many, least in his own Opinion, as Mr. *Smooth*.

AIR XXXII. As fair *Dorinda* fitting was.



*The Man of Fashion, proudly vain,
And in Embroideries gay,
Displays the Gold that tips his Cane,
And hums a modish Lay.*

*The Grin, the Lace, the janty Air,
Are all the Coxcomb's Pride;
A Rant, or two, to win the Fair,
All Fop, and Fool beside!*

Smooth. Dem it, Sir, do you mean me?

Merit. Lord, Sir, do you take your self for a Fop or a Fool, what you suspect it?

Spright. Mr. *Smooth* is hardly such a Plain-Dealer.

Smooth. I can tell you, Mem, 'tis well you are a Lady.

Spright. 'Tis very well for you, Mr. *Smooth*, I can assure you.

Smooth. Why so, Mem? I never said a fine Thing to you in my Life, as I know of.

Spright. No, nor to any one else, I'll be engag'd.

AIR

The Fashionable Lady; or,

AIR XXXIII. Hunt the Squirrel.



*For Wit, the fawning Coxcomb cries,
 Look you, fair Lady, beautiful Lady!
 Dancing Step, and courtly Air,
 Look you, my Lady fair!*

*How sweet my Voice! genteel my Bow!
 How soft my Ogle now!
 He speaks, he bows, he rolls his Eyes,
 In Sighs the Lady dies.*

Foib. Indeed, Cousin, you give your self such Airs, there's no enduring you. ——— The Man of Fashion is a Person —

Smooth. True, Madam, the Man of Fashion is a Person your La'ship esteems, and therefore, tho' I am a Man of Fashion myself, I value this Lady's unfashionable Wit no more, than she does your La'ship's inimitable Graces.

AIR XXXIV. O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been



*O dearest Lady! let me but see
 Those bright Stars, of Beauty languish on me;
 Let Spleen, and let Satire,
 Wit and Ill-nature,
 Ever, as now, my Enemies be.*

Both. O Fashion, O Fashion, let me see
Thy changeable Graces wedded to me;
Let Spleen, &c.

Both. Let Spleen, &c.

Coib. Come, Mr. Merit, I know you have a *Tendre* for me
Ha, ha, he! in spite of Mrs. *Sprightly*, and all her Wit.
— I know you are ready to hang your self for having dis-
oblinded me, Ha, ha, he! therefore, out of meer Compassion, I
believe I had best take you into Favour again.— Come, come,
you may look pleasant again now.— You shall have the Pleasure
of waiting on me to the Dumb Conjuror, with Mr. *Smooth*.
Sprightly. Yes, Madam, the Pleasure will be of a Piece with
the Entertainment.

Coib. The Creature!

Sprightly. The Insolent!

Merit. You know, Madam, without a Compliment, I am
always ready to wait on you with Pleasure.

Coib. Oh, Sir! I don't question it in the least. *Allons, Gen-*
tlemen. My Cousin, the Wit here, can entertain herself with
her own Excellencies; Ha, ha, ha!

Merit. Madam, your most humble Servant.

Sprightly. The Tyrant! how she insults me!

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Sprightly.

SCENE VII. Ballad, Meanwell, Modely,
and Drama.

Bal. What a Devil does this Vixen stay for? I was in hopes
we shou'd have the Stage clear'd at once, to make room for the
Dumb Conjuror: I long for the Dumb Conjuror, he is the
whole Spirit of the Play. Gad! Mr. *Drama*, if you cou'd
have made him and his Companions sing a few Songs, I shou'd
not have desir'd any other Company.

Mean. Pray, Mr. *Drama*, dismiss Mrs. *Sprightly* to oblige your
Honour; and let *Harlequin* and his Companions enter, without
any farther Ceremony. Song and Dance, you see, are his Taste;
wonder you shou'd be so unfashionable, to dream of pleasing
any other way.

Drama. You see, Sir, I have endeavour'd at both; here are
Dances for some, Songs for others, and —

Mean. I understand you, Mr. *Drama*; but your Songs dis-
oblige Mr. *Modely*; you have not Dances enough for Mr. *Bal-*
lad; and you have not burlesqu'd *Shakespear*, *Dryden*, and *Ot-*
way at all; which, let me tell you, Sir, is the chief Humour of
Opera's, and raises a loud Laugh, when —

Bal. Well said, Mr. *Meanwell*; Gad! I love to see those Fel-
lows ridicul'd; it mortifies their Admirers confoundedly. —

The

The Rogues look as foolish as so many Criminals on their Execution at the *Old-Baily*. — But come, come, let us have those facetious Mutes. — Enter *Harlequin*! Oh, the prettiest little, nimble, party-colour'd Dog! I long to see him; I want to laugh; I love Laughing; I love your loud Horse-Laugh more exceedingly. I always distinguish my self at the Play-house by my Laugh.

Drama. Well, Sir, if your Patience will hold out a Scene two longer, you shall have your favourite *Harlequin*, and may laugh as loud as you please.

SCENE VIII. Sprightly *solo*.

That ever *Merit* shou'd be such a Fool, to submit to her impertinence! — How is it possible to retrieve him, and be reveng'd on her? I'll have one Tryal more for't however; and if I fail, Despair is my last Remedy.

AIR XXXV. *Canny Boatman.*



Come, sweet Content, and soft Repose,
To sooth a Virgin Lover!
Smile, God of Love, and ease the Woes
Thy Rigour makes me suffer.

*With blushing Shame,
I hide my Flame,
And all unheeded languish;
Yet long to own
My secret Moan,
The Cause of all my Anguish!*

SCENE IX. Trifle, Sprightly.

Trifle. Ah! verily they are all gone; Mrs. *Foible*, my finest Rarity, like the Philosopher's Stone, is slip't thro' my Fingers; I have nothing else to do, but hang my self out of the way. That cursed Humourist has betray'd me; and, while I have been reading him Lectures on a Butterfly's Wing, has contriv'd to send off the Lady. — Verily, I will be reveng'd. — He is as subtle as your *Egyptian* Alligator. I am in a great Passion; you'd cry, I am so violently incens'd; verily, I am — I don't know what I am. — [*Whistles.*] — but I will certainly be reveng'd; truly, my Revenge shall be as remarkable as the *Annals* of Saturn.

*Ob ye happy, happy Groves,
Witness of our tender Loves.*

Bless me! I shake like an Aspen Leaf, or a Water-wag-Tail!

Spright. What's the Matter, Mr. *Trifle*? You seem to be very much discompos'd of a sudden. —

Trifle. Truly, Madam, I am much discompos'd — the Lady! Have you seen the Lady? — Can you give me any News of the Lady?

Spright. Oh, Sir! the Lady!

Trifle. Ay, verily, Madam, the Lady! your Cousin! Mrs. *Foible*! my Mistress! my fine Cabinet-Rarity! the very Flower of my Collection!

Spright. Why, Sir, she is gone to the Dumb Conjuror's with Mr. *Merit* and Mr. *Smooth*. I wish she is not married to one of them before she comes back.

Trifle. Then I will follow her incontinently to prevent any further Mischief, verily I will prevent all Conjunctions.

Spright. Hold, Sir, a Moment — suppose now we shou'd be reveng'd on them, for leaving us out of their Frolick, and spoil their Entertainment.

Trifle. Ah, dear Lady! that will be excellent; verily that will do me as much good as an *Otho* — But how shall it be done?

Spright. Why, Sir, you know Sir *Peevish Terrible*, the famous Critick; he has lately set up a Poetical Inquisition, and sits

sits himself as President, with a Dozen of unsuccessful Poets for Assistants, an *Italian* Singer for his Clerk; and a Play-House Prompter the Cryer of his Court.

Trifle. Verily, I have some Knowledge of this venerable Assembly.

Spright. Well then, go immediately to them with an Information against the Dumb Conjuror; no matter whether they believe you or no, they are furiously prejudic'd against him for spoiling their Trade, and, when they have an Opportunity, will not to treat him accordingly; the Conjuror will be taken into custody, by some of their Emissaries, immediately; and that will disappoint your Rival's Frolick, and turn the Laugh on our side.

Trifle. Verily, I am exceedingly delighted, Ha, ha, he never was in a Plot before — I'll do it incontinently, 'twill be a rare Diversion; nothing but my Collection of Rarities can exceed it, that's certain. I go, I run, I fly, like, like a Piece of ill News.

Spright. I'll meet you at the Conjuror's, to congratulate on the Success.

SCENE X. *Sprightly solâ.*

AIR XXXVI. *Pretty Salley.*



Whate'er the Sages taught of old
Of moral Good and Evil;
Whate'er the trembling Child is told
Of going to the Devil;

Harlequin's OPERA.

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*Whate'er a thousand Saws beside
Have thunder'd out of Ruin;
'Tis Passion drives us down the Tide,
That ends in our Undoing.*

[Exit]

SCENE XI. Whim and Prattle.

Whim. So you say she is gone to the Dumb Conjuror's, Mrs. Abigail?

Prattle. Mrs. Abigail! truly, Sir, a little more Manners shou'd become you better. *Abigail*, quotha!

Whim. O cry you Mercy, Madam! the very Waiting-Maid is a fine Lady, I perceive — But she is really gone, Child, say?

Prattle. What signifies it to you whether she is or no? 'tis always your Custom to sleep away an imaginary Head-Ach, or some other fantastick Ail, when you shou'd have courted a fine Lady.

Whim. S'death! what had I to do with a fine Lady? wou'd she have preserv'd me from a North-East Wind? Cou'd she make the Sun shine in a rainy Day? Could she make me Merry when I was Melancholy, or Melancholy when I was Merry? cou'd she —

Prattle. Hold, Sir; all these were your Offices to her, and not her Duty to you. I'd have you to know, that a fine Woman, like her La'ship, makes her very Husband her Slave, as long as she likes him; and, when she does not, the Admirer must be Fool in his Turn.

AIR

The Fashionable Lady; or,

AIR XXXVII. New Rigadoon.



*When first the Fair appears
 With all her Marriage Pride,
 She takes her sighing Mate
 In Triumph to her Side.
 Yet e're the first gay Tear
 Has damp'd the Nuptial Vow,
 The Husband's out of date;
 And so, good lack! may you.*

But that will hardly give you any Trouble, I suppose.

Whim. Why dost thou imagine that I am indifferent with regard to my Wife's Conduct? that I cou'd wear a pair of Antlers like those in Justice *Shallow's* Hall, in the Face of the Sun without running horn mad? No, no, there are enough of the same Creatures already.

AIR XXXVIII. 'Twas on a sultry Summer's Day.



*Look round the Park, the Court, the Change,
In Herds the happy Monsters range,
And rap their Horns, and cry 'tis strange,
If Laughter hail their Brows.
They hear them rattle as they go,
But, if they're told what all Men know,
Enquire at Home if it be so,
And credit none but Sponse.*

Prat. Then you think to escape the Danger, by seeing it before-hand? Sir, your humble Servant, your Woman of Fashion makes the best Wife in the World, to a Man of your Constitution.

Whim. My Constitution! s'death! this Girl confounds me! Oons! she has found out all my Ails, my Gout, my Rheumatism, my Sciatica, my Intermittent, my Headick, my Dropsy, and all my Maladies — she has conjur'd them up like so many Devils to torment me. Oh! oh! oh! I feel them all at once: Hussy, how came you by the Intelligence, have you been at the Conjuror's?

Prat. No, as I am a Person, you told me your self. Have not I heard you complain to my Lady, of all the Diseases on the Apothecary's File; as if you courted her for a Nurse, rather than a Wife?

†

Whim.

Whim. Well, and what then? surely a good Wife wou'd be glad to wait upon her sick Husband.

Prat. Not half so glad as on a dead Husband, sweet Sir. Oh hideous! a fine Lady nurse her sick Husband, Ha, ha, ha. Come, come, you had better think of a Person in a lower Station, who wou'd qualify your Constitution, with as good Will, and a far less Expence, I can assure you.

Whim. Pr'ythee, where is there such a one? I must have my Constitution corrected, that's certain; or I shall die by the middle of next Spring.

Prat. Sir, your most obedient, humble Servant. [*Curtain*]

Whim. What a Plague! what a Devil! do you mean yourself?

Prat. I hope, Sir, you will spare my Blushes—

Whim. Spare your Blushes, with a Pox! why thou hast need to spare; thou Bundle of cast-off Cloaths! thou Medley of second-hand Fashions! what, expect me for a Husband? Go, carry thy two-penny Box of Vails, and thy Lady's old Wardrobe, to some discarded Valet; go, get Brats and starve, Brats and starve, I say! marry me, with a Pox!

Prat. Truly, Mr. *Whim*, you treat me very rudely, as I am a Person; and I must tell you, Sir, my two-penny Box of Vails and old Wardrobe, as you are pleas'd to call them, may be better bestow'd, than on such a heap of ill Humours, such a Complication of Diseases, such a Gloom of Spleen and Vapours as you. — But I waste my Breath upon you, and so, Sir, I may correct your Constitution when you please, for me.

Harlequin's OPERA.

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AIR XXXIX. Stand by clear the Way.



*What, tho' I deck the flatter'd Fair,
Adjust the Gown, and curl the Hair,
And make a thousand Whims my Care,
The Toil of ev'ry Day!
The Scene may change, and, in my View,
A Crowd of Lovers flutter too;
While I a Round of Joy pursue,
With a Stand by, clear the Way!*

SCENE XII. Whim *solus.*

Whim. I'gad the Jade may be in the right, for what I can tell;
has a delicate Pair of Eyes, and seems ev'ry way qualify'd to
rect any Man's Constitution whatever.

E 2

AIR

*The Fashionable Lady; or,*AIR XL. *Winchester Wedding.*

*The Lady, with Diamonds and Laces,
 By Day may heighten her Charms;
 But Joan, without any such Graces,
 At Night lies as warm in your Arms.
 The Night, when her Sables o'ershade ye,
 Will veil all the Pomp of the Day;
 Then Joan is as good as my Lady,
 And Cats are all equally grey.*

SCENE

SCENE XIII. *The Dumb Conjuror's House.* Harlequin in his Chair: Punch, Pierot, Scaramouch, Pantaloon, as before.

Enter Voice, with several Sailors, singing.

AIR XLI. Let's be jovial, fill our Glasses.



*Come brave Boys, forget the Ocean,
Mock the surly Tempest's Roar;
Laugh at Bully War's Commotion:
Pleasure only reigns on Shore.
While our Bowls are thus o'erflowing,
Bacchus smiles to see us gay;
Pleasure scorns a sober Wooing,
Let us drink our Cares away.*

And so, my Lads! let's have a Dance.

Omnes. Ay, Ay, a Dance! a Dance!

As they dance, Harlequin and his Companions join with them, in a humorous Manner; and after playing them several Tricks, retire to their Places.

Sail. Come my Mess-mates, about Ship, let's have t'other

Sail. No faith! I'll dance no more, I begin to be out of Latitude; this damn'd Punch has almost overset me; I'gad half a-ground. [Stumbles.]

Voice. Phoo, Phoo, half a-ground quotha! why we are but under Sail; that Bowl was but a Whet: I'gad we must drink such another before we part, or his Worship, the Doctor, will never calculate your — a — Calamities.

Sail. Hah! Boatswain, wo'ut whet thy Whistle again? Ah the Rogue has a free Heart, and makes Punch like an Anker; Moll, my Landlady's Daughter at Wapping, has scarce a better Hand at it.

Sail. But how the Devil shall we get it? — Here's nothing but a damn'd Heap of Lumber, as I see. I shou'd rather

think of learning Navigation here, than taking a Tiff; beside, those dumb Fellows yonder, wou'd frighten me from drinking.

4 *Sail.* Never fear, bold Heart ! Shew me but the Punch and i'gad I'll drink, tho' the Devil were to pledge me.

Voice. Cra' Mercy, old Rock ! I love a Boy of Courage and so we'll begin the Round. Do'st see that Globe yonder ?

4 *Sail.* Well, and what then ? what's that to a Bowl of Punch ?

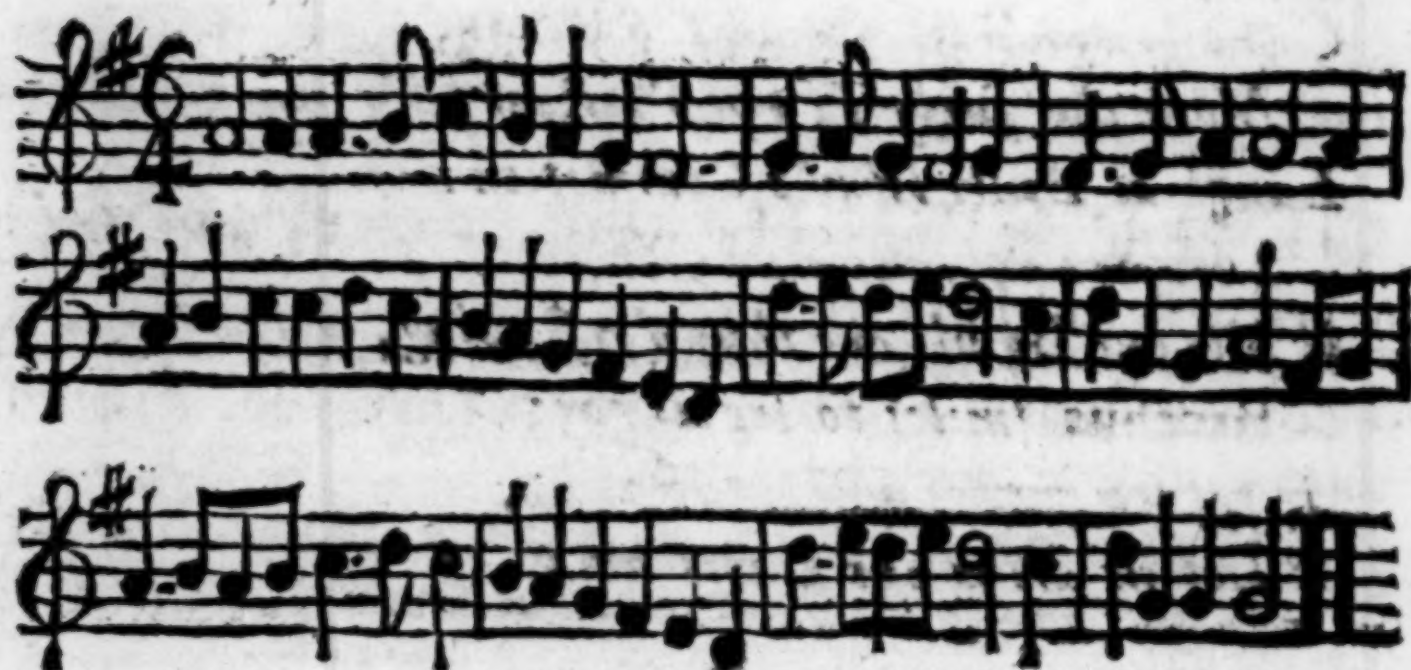
Voice. Why 'tis over that Globe I study Geography.

2 *Sail.* Oons don't tell us of Jeffery ; give us the Punch.

Omnes. The Punch ! the Punch !

Voice. Ay, ay ! the Punch, the Punch !

A I R XLII. As I went over *London Bridge.*



You've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe

Was soak'd of old with Noah's Flood.

See here's a Globe that holds a Sea !

A Sea of Liquor twice as good !

Tol dol de rol.

Had Noah's been a Flood like this,

And Anak's Sons such Souls as I,

They'd drunk the Deluge as it rose,

And left the Ark, like Noah, dry.

Tol dol de rol.

Omnes. Ha ! ha ! ha ! a good Catch, faith !

[*He takes off one half of the Globe, and brings the other full of Punch, to the Front of the Stage ; they sit on the Ground to drink.*]

Voice. This, my Buffs, is your true *Aqua Vitæ*, and your true *Lignum Vitæ* ; which is, being interpreted, *Unum Necessarium*.

Trinm, Meat, Drink, and Cloaths, Punch! all that the Heart of Man can desire!

4 *Sail*. I'gad a very pretty Fancy! I swear a World of Punch! on my Life we'll drink a World of Punch.

Voice. Ay, ay! my Boys! we'll be the *Alexanders* that shall conquer this World, tho' we cry for more, as he did, when we've done.

1 *Sail*. Did *Alexander* cry for more Punch, then? I'gad I think he was in the right — I shou'd have done the same by self.

3 *Sail*. Oons! who talks of crying over an Ocean of Punch? Let the World spin, I say, and a Fig for the *Spaniards*, I say, let the World go round.

2 *Sail*. By your Leave, *Dick*, that's a Lye, 'tis the Sun goes round, and your World stands still, like a Fool, to watch for his rising.

Voice. Faith, if you have any Disputes here, d'ye mark me, you shall have no Punch; your Wranglers don't deserve any.

SCENE XIV. Hackum, Voice, and Sailors.

Hack. Hey! Hey! You whoreson, lubberly Dogs, what a Devil do you here? What! must you have your Fortunes told too, with a Pox — Hah!

4 *Sail*. Yes, faith, Captain, and what then? our Fortunes may be as good as your Honour's, for what you know.

Hack. Yes, yes! fine Fortunes and be damn'd to you — come, come, troop off, or by the Devil I'll put you all in the Bilboes together. — I'll spoil your Preferment, with a Vengeance.

Voice. Hold, — hold! noble Captain! we were gauging the Well of Science, not turning the Wheel of Fortune; we divided the Globe fairly, and kept the better half — Look your Honour; how full 'tis! I'gad 'tis *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, the very Liquor of the Gods!

Hack. What the Devil! a Globe of Punch! as I hope to be an Admiral! I'll have just such another in my Cabin; i'faith we'll first drain the Abyss, and then replenish it again — I'gad I like this Humour; sit down you Rogues, I'll lend a Hand to empty it before I go any farther; Faith 'twill be a good Joke to say I have help'd to empty the Ocean.

Omnes. Brave Captain! noble Captain! Huzza!

[*They all sit; Voice fills every one a Glass, the Mutes leave their Chairs, and sit down behind them; while they hold their Glasses, Hackum sings.*]

*The Fashionable Lady; or,*AIR XLIII. *On a Bank of Flow'rs, &c.*

*Should the Storm blow high,
 And cloud the Sky,
 What care such Souls as we?
 Let the Thunder roll.
 'Till it shake the Bowl,
 It rolls in vain to me:
 To the roaring Sound
 Let the Glass go round,
 While the World shall ring,
 To the Tunes we sing,
 With a Fal la la.
 And I drink with Joy to Thee.*

*[As they are going to drink, Harlequin and his Companions take
 the Glasses out of their Hands, and while they Stare about,
 return them empty.]*

*Voice. Well, Gentlemen, how d'ye like your Liquor? 'tis
 as good as the World affords, I can assure you — what, all
 silent? nay faith! this is quite ungrateful.*

Hack.

Hack. Blood! and Thunder! I never tasted it.

Omnes. Nor I, nor I; 'tis Conjurat[i]on! Witchcraft! Chantment!

Voice. Oho! Gentlemen, you can't taste it 'till the second Glass; I like your Hamour much; I can never taste 'till the second Glass, my self.

[*He fills their Glasses again, but, as they are going to drink, they are served as before.*]

Hack. Oons, you conjuring Dogs, do you put Tricks upon Gentlemen? — By the Wars, I'll be reveng'd; fall on, my Boys, fall on; bear a hand there, I'faith we'll fegue the Rogues.

Voice. Nay then, let Signior *Harlequino* wave his Wand, and, in firm Durance, bind these restive Slaves; such Slaves as rudely mar our social Joys, and quarrel e'er a Moiety of the Globe.

[*Harlequin seizes Hackum, and his Companions the Sailors; they hurry them along to the Chairs, where they are fasten'd, and drawn into a Line, a-cross the Stage. Harlequin, &c. mimick their Consternation, and hold them by the Throat; while they roar out, Murder! Murder! the Devil! the Devil!*]

Voice. The Sailor's Distress! or, War in the Bilboes! an excellent new Ballad! to the Tune of *London Bridge* is broken down. Ha! ha! ha!

SCENE XV. Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama.

Bal. Incomparable! excellent *Drama*! Oons, this is the best Scene in Christendom; it shall act with any Play in *Europe*, Pit, Box, and Gallery; I say 'tis superlative, 'tis inimitable.

Drama. Meer Mechanism, Mr. *Ballad*, I assure you!

Mean. Pshaw! Pshaw! 'tis Mr. *Ballad's* Taste.

Mode. Devil take your Criticisms, they are as impertinent as a Digression in an old Woman's Tale.

SCENE XVI. Hackum, Voice, Merit, Smooth, Foible, Sailors, &c.

Foible. Bless me! what is to be done here? As I live, I never saw any thing so perfectly ridicule. Gentlemen, did you ever see the like? the Captain, and his Retinue! Poor Devils! they are perfectly confounded!

Smooth. Oh Mem! I told your La'ship, we shou'd have excellent Entertainment.

Hack. Pox of your Entertainment! to trepan me into the very Clutches of the Devil. Oons, 'tis worse than a leaky Ship, or a Lee-Shore — But, if ever I get loose, I'll be sufficiently reveng'd.

reveng'd. By the Wars, I'll teach you more Respect to a Man of my Quality.

All Sail. Ay, ay, noble Captain, Revenge! Revenge!

SCENE XVII. *Enter several Poets, who seize on Harlequin, and hurry him forward to the Front of the Stage.*

1 *Poet.* Seize him as an Enemy to the Muses!

2 *Poet.* As an Enemy to the Poets! that's all one.

Hack. O ho! Mr. Conjurer, what are you got into Limbo at last? I thought your Devil wou'd leave you one Time or other, and I'faith we'll make use of the same Opportunity to leave you too.

[While he speaks, Harlequin waves his Wand, and a sham Harlequin, Punch, Pierot, Scaramouch and Pantaloon rise instead of the others.]

Hack. Oons! what, more Devils?

Voice. Ha! ha! ha!

1 *Poet.* This is he that damn'd my Tragedy.

2 *Poet.* That ruin'd my Comedy.

3 *Poet.* That spoil'd my Benefit.

4 *Poet.* That danc'd us out of Fashion.

1 *Poet.* That ridicul'd the Muses.

3 *Poet.* The Monster-Monger!

4 *Poet.* The Dragon-Rider!

2 *Poet.* The Necromancer!

1 *Poet.* The Devil's Favourite!

All Poets. This is he! this is he!

1 *Poet.* Let's carry him before the Judge of such Criminals.
[They hurry him off.]

All Poets. Come away, come away.

SCENE XVIII. Merit, Smooth, Hackum, Voice, Foible, &c.

Foib. For shame, Mr. Merit! What, let the Darling of the Fashion be so furiously abus'd, without giving him Assistance? As I am a Toast, I resent it most heinously. Mr. Smooth, I depend on your Generosity for his Rescue.

Smooth. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam, he's in very good Hands already, or I shou'd be proud to obey your La'ship.

Foib. Mr. Merit, I expect you'll obey me, or else you shall feel my highest Resentment, I can assure you. What, suffer the most facetious Signior *Harlequin* to be persecuted by a Mob of rascally Scriblers?

Merit.

Harlequin's OPERA.

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Merit. Madam, I'll wait on you to his Examination; and, if there is any Opportunity to serve him, without a Prejudice to my own Judgment, you may depend on it I will exert my self to the utmost of my Power.

Smooth. Allons, Madam! and, if my Judgment will permit me, your La'ship shall hear me plead most sublimely in his Favour. [Exit.

SCENE XIX. Voice, Hackum, Sailors.

Voice. Poor Signior *Harlequino*! — in the Hands of the Poets! — Mercy on thee, I say. Those Sons of Tragedy I'm most afraid of — — they are sad Dogs, certainly. I doubt his Catastrophe will be very deplorable. Those Rogues carry Death and Destruction where-ever they come. I must follow to his Assistance, and prove my self a faithful Servant, even in Adversity; tho' my Character will certainly suffer for being so singular.

AIR XLIV. Death and the Lady.



Alas, alas! this Mischief grieves me sore!

Our Charms are ended, and our Gain no more.

I did not think they would have call'd so soon;

Ab! must our Morning Sun go down at Noon? [Exit.

SCENE XX.

Drama. There's an End of the Second Act, Gentlemen.

Mode. I'm glad on't, with all my Heart.

Mean. Poor *Modely*! You see what a Plague it is to have such a delicate Ear.

Bal. Oons, Sir! his Ear has no Delicacy; or he would relish these Songs as well as I. But, come, let us take t'other Bottle. What a Devil! must these poor Rogues wait here all the while like a Gang of gaping School-Boys at a Toy-Shop Window? Pr'ythee dismiss them, Mr. *Drama*.

Mean. No, faith, I deny that; 'tis contrary to the Rules of Magick.

Drama. Well, Sir, I believe they'll think it no Hardship, if you

60 *The Fashionable Lady; or,*

you furnish them with a Bottle, as well as us, for their Diversion, in the mean time.

Bal. With all my Heart; faith, they shall have a Bottle, and drink like Justices of the *Quorum*.

I did not think they would have call'd so soon;

Ab! must our Morning Sun go down at Noon? [Exeunt.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Meanwell, Modely, Drama; Ballad half Drunk, with
a Bottle and a Glass in his Hand.

BALLAD.

COME, sit you down — sit you down, I say. Now let me tell you, honest *Drama*, among Friends — tho' some Parts of your Opera are well enough — yet, the whole Scheme does not like me. Fore *George*! I have a Scheme of my own that's a thousand times better; I may venture to say, a thousand times better.

Drama. Pray, Sir, be so good as to favour us with it then.

Bal. Ay, who's Fool then? I shall have you steal it, as great Men do Projects, and get all the Reputation to your self.

Mean. I dare swear there's no Danger; 'tis as safe as a Mill-stone at a Stone-Cutter's Door; so, pray, let's hear it.

Bal. *Imprimis*, then, d'ye mark me? I would have it all intirely new; new, d'ye see, in every Circumstance; and yet there should not be one Character, but what had been on the Stage before; Ha, ha, ha!

Drama. How the Devil can that be, I wonder?

Bal. What a dull Rogue! Ha, ha, ha! Why, look you, Sir, Ha, ha, ha! All the Persons of the Drama should be Heroes and Heroins, Persons of the first Quality, the very Choice of all our Tragedies.

Mean. How! in an *English* Opera?

Bal. Ay, in an *English* Opera, Sir; — None but your *Tamerlane*, *Cato*, *Brutus*, *Phocas*, *Othello*, *Desdemona*, *Monimia*, *Isabella*, *Belvidera*, and so forth; except now and then a Chorus of Pick-pockets, Oyster-women, Orange-wenches, and such sort of People, their Attendants.

Drama.

Harlequin's OPERA.

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Dram. This is very new, indeed!

Bal. Ha, ha, ha! I pity your Ignorance, *Drama*, faith, I do; you understand Parodies, I find, no more than a pert Citizen the great Horse. — But you'll be wiser, when I have made you so.

Mean. I believe it, heartily; but how can you bring all these Heroes together in one Play, Mr. *Ballad*? For my Part, I can't imagine.

Bal. No, truly Sir, I believe not; you are not the worshipful *Chanter Ballad*, Esq; you are only plain Mr. *Meanwell*. But, mark me, all these fine Folks should be transmographyed in passing thro' my Hands.

Drama. I dare be sworn they would.

Bal. *Othello* should be a Serjeant in the Guards, and keep an Ale-house at *Charing-Cross*; *Desdemona* should be a Bar-keeper; and *Cato* make him a Cuckold; Hah! *Tamerlane* should be one of the *Quorum*; *Brutus*, a fat, cheating, miserly Alderman; and *Phocylas* a Stock-Jobber, turn'd Jew.

Dram. Excellent! I protest your Transformations infinitely exceed *Ovid's*.

Mode. Or the *Persian* Tales, either.

Mean. But what will you do with the Ladies?

Bal. Oh, Sir! I'll provide as well for them, I'll warrant you. Let me see — Ay — *Monimia* shall be an *Exchange* Girl; *Isabella*, a Sea-Captain's Widow; and *Belvidera*, a Bankrupt Attorney's Wife, and an Evidence in *Layer's* Plot.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Bal. I thought 'twou'd make you laugh; I knew I should please you, infallibly.

Drama. Now, Sir, the Plot, Fable, Manner, Conduct, Incidents —

Bal. Oons, Sir! 'tis beyond all Sufferance to ask so many Questions together; — Plot, Fable, Manners, Incidents, and a---a---a Devil knows what! — Sir, I'll tell you no more 'till my own Time. Death! he asks Questions as fast as a peevish Justice, or a bawdy Midwife. — Play away there. — Mr. *Meanwell*, my Service to you, with all my Heart.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Sir Peevish Terrible, the Inquisitor; several Poets, as Assistants, in the manner of a Court of Justice; Harlequin, Prisoner at the Bar; Punch, Pierot, Scaramouch, Pantaloon, Voice, Merit, Smooth, Foible.*

AIR XLV. *Ghosts of ev'ry Occupation.*



Clerk. *Come, ye Poets, small and greater!
All ye Sons of Rhyme and Metre!*

Leave,

Harlequin's OPERA.

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*Leave, awhile, your sacred Fury,
And commence Apollo's Fury:
Come, 'tis Justice calls you; know,
Justice now prepares her Thunder,
See, the Victim trembles under!
Now his Arts no more deceive us,
Of our Wits no more bereave us;
Lost his Cunning,
Vain his Funning,
Scorn'd his Passion,
Damn'd the Fashion;
Justice strikes the fatal Blow.*

AIR XLVI. Gillian of Croydon.



*Inquis. Now let's lay our Heads together,
And gravely hear the Culprit's Plea;
'Twas Justice call'd us Sages hither;
And Justice speaks her Mind in me.*

*Clerk. Hold up your guilty Hand,
And hear the Court's Command,
That you should now, with low Intreaty,
Sue for Pity,
The Committee,
And break your Magick Wand.*

AIR

64 *The Fashionable Lady; or,*

AIR XLVII. Sweet are the Charms of her I love.



Voice. *Spare, O spare the Hum'rous Sage!*
 Smooth. *O, let him still adorn the Stage!*
 Foible. *O, let him still divert the Town!*
Still let his pleasing Arts go down!
 Inquis. *'Tis all in vain, the Wretch shall know*
A publick Shame, and publick Woe.

AIR XLVIII. Over the Hills and far away.



To Italy's enervate Shore,
Or France's Fiddling Nation, stray's
Thy Tricks shall here enchant no more.
Fly, wiley Traitor, far away.

Cho

Harlequin's OPERA.

65

Chorus of Poets.

*Over the Hills, and over the Main,
Far let the wiley Traitor stray;
No longer bear his idle Reign,
But waft him far, ye Winds, away.*

Foib. Poor Signior *Harlequin*! Unfashionable Creatures!

Smooth. Ay, poor Signior *Harlequin*, indeed! — 'Tis certainly a Judgment on him for fright'ning me so confoundedly. *[Aside.*

Foib. Mr. *Merit*, say something in his Defence, immediately; or bribe the Wretches in his Favour! Other Courts of Justice are sensible of Bribes, and why not this?

Merit. O, Madam! your Poet never refuses Money; but the Criminal does not deserve any Favour.

Foib. Ridiculous! — Mr. *Smooth*!

Smooth. Upon my Soul, Mem, I shou'd be glad to obey your La'ship; but, a — I have lost almost all my ready Cash at *Quadrille*.

Foib. What a Vexation is this? However, 'twas lost in a fashionable way.

SCENE III. Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama.

Bal. Blood! if no Body else will save poor Signior *Harlequin*, I'll do't my self; and, by the Lord *Harry*, he shall not be transported. — S'death! I'd rather transport all the Poets in the Nation.

Drama. I thank you, Sir; I believe you, most sincerely. — But sure you don't imagine I would do so unpopular a thing, as transport the Doctor; what, the fashionable Doctor! surely, you have a better Opinion of me!

Bal. Nay, then 'tis well enough — 'tis well enough — I am pacified; save the Doctor, and I am pacified.

Mean. But pray, Mr. *Drama*, what is the Reason that this Scene is nothing but Sing-Song? I think 'tis the greatest Impropriety imaginable, in a Court of Justice.

Drama. O, Sir! for that very Reason I contriv'd it so.

Mode. Stupid enough o' Conscience!

Drama. Beside, Mr. *Meanwell*, you must consider this is only an Imitation of our modern Operas, both *Italian* and *English*; the more absurd, the more fashionable; their Authority will justify the most ridiculous things in Nature.

Mean. Ay, that's true, the *Italian* justifies the most egregious Nonsense.

F

Mode:

66 *The Fashionable Lady; or,*

Mode. And the *English*, the most abominable Musick.

Bal. Ay, ay, Mr. *Drama*, modern Operas will justify any thing. — 'I'gad! 'tis a good Scene. Here's my Service to you on the same.

SCENE IV. *The same Persons as before.*

1 *Poet.* Well, but is the Ship ready, Brother *Bayes*?

2 *Poet.* Ay, ay, all's ready, Brother *Rhyme*; away with him.

Voice. Hold, hold, Gentlemen, a Moment, I beseech you. — Suppose, now, only suppose we should compound this Matter.

1 *Poet.* Compound, Sir! as how?

Voice. Don't be angry, sweet Sir! — Why, by letting you, Gentlemen, into the Secret, and giving you a Share in the Profits. — So, the Doctor shall play the Fool, as before — I, the Knave — and you — something between both. — You'll pardon me, Gentlemen.

All Poets. Ay, ay, any thing for Money.

1 *Poet.* But, mark me, Sir, this is on condition the Doctor turns Stroller, and plays his Tricks only in Country Towns, and at yearly Fairs.

Voice. A hard Condition, Gentlemen! — What shall we do with the Quality?

2 *Poet.* Let them follow the Fashion.

Voice. Henceforth we are free from the Criticks, and that's some Comfort however. They say Interest is the Devil; if it is, I am sure the Devil governs the World, beyond all dispute.

AIR XLIX. Second Part of the *Dutch Skipper*.



*If e'er you see a Villain smile,
An Atheist pray, a Miser pay,
A Statesman give his Wealth away,
A Lawyer own his Guile;*

Harlequin's OPERA.

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*If e'er a Poet praise the Great,
A Whore among the Godly wait,
'Tis Int'rest forms the Wile.*

But pray, Master, have these Poets inclos'd you like an Evil Spirit in a Magick Circle, and exorcis'd away your very Power of doing Mischief?—Pray, dear Doctor, give them a little Touch with your Wand, and turn them into a Groupe of Old Women.—Believe me, Sir, the Transformation is as easy as a Maggot to a Butterfly.

[On a Sign given by Harlequin, the Inquisitor sinks under the Stage, and Colombine rises in his Stead; Harlequin runs off the Stage, she follows him, with Punch, Pierot, Scaramouch, Pantaloon, and the Poets in a Train behind.]

Ha! ha! ha! *[Sings.] A very pretty Fancy! A rare Galantée Show, &c.*

Smooth. Hark, a Word with you, Mr. *Voice*.

Voice. O, Mr. *Smooth*! your most obedient, most dutiful, and most humble Servant. Are you for t'other Journey to the Moon?

Smooth. No more of that, if you love me, dear Mr. *Voice*. —Pr'ythee, is the Captain in *Limbo* still?—that's my Business.

Voice. O, Sir! as fast as a Bribe in the Hands of a Courtier; and will remain so *ad infinitum*, if you desire it, noble Mr. *Smooth*.

Smooth. Gad! Mr. *Voice*, he must either remain so *ad infinitum*, as you phrase it, or I make my Peace with him immediately.

Voice. Why, Sir, if you'll come along with us, and —a— you understand me, Sir — you shall have the Merit of setting him free, and afterwards you'll be as great as a cunning Lawyer and his rich Client.

Smooth. Allons, dear Mr. *Voice*. — Madam, your most superlatively obedient, humble Servant. — I am only going with the Doctor and Mr. *Voice*, to give my Advice in a new Entertainment; I shall expect your La'ship at their Apartment. Merit, your most obedient.

Foib. Oh, dear Mr. *Smooth*! you are very obliging.

SCENE V. Merit, Foible.

Foib. Well, Mr. *Merit*, I protest I am glad the dear Conjuror is at Liberty again. La! if those Rogues had transported him, 'twould have been such a Loss to the *Beau-Monde*, as nothing could have aton'd.

Merit. Pardon me, Madam; the *Italian Opera*, or even a Puppet-Show, recommended by Fashion, in my Opinion, would do as well.

Foib. O, Sir! Fashion will recommend any thing in the Universe.

Merit. Then I shall be vain enough to imagine Fashion would recommend Me

Foib. Yes, I vow, Mr. *Merit*, Fashion would be your only Recommendation; your very Man of Quality would be an insignificant Creature, without the Fashion.

Merit. But Fashion is so various, that 'twould be the whole Business of one's Life to follow it.

Foib. Truly, Sir, I think one's Life can't be better employ'd.

Merit. Beside, Madam, the Fashion is frequently so absurd, that 'twould affront one's Reason to be acquainted with it.

Foib. Reason! Ha, ha, ha! Why, Reason has been out of Fashion, among Persons of Figure, Time out of Mind. I wonder you should affront my Taste with so unpolite a Word. — Reason! O, hideous! a Lover and a Gentleman talk of Reason! Ha, ha, ha!

Merit. I shall never condescend to be a Man of Fashion, I see.

Foib. Then you'll never succeed with the Ladies, I see. Why, without the Mode, you'll look as inconsiderable, as a Nobleman's Estate in the Corner of a Map. La! I should be perfectly ashamed of an unfashionably reasonable Husband. When I am at my Toilet, he'd be in his Study; when I was for a Party at *Quadrille*, he'd be for reasonable Conversation, forsooth; When I talk'd Scandal at the Tea-Table, he'd rail against Malice; if I was for the dear Opera, he'd groan after some hideous Tragedy; when I talk of Fashions, he'd rave against Whim and Caprice. Ged! such a Husband would be my absolute Aversion, — or, at best, he could be only tolerable, like a bad Picture hiding a crack'd Wainscot.

Merit. I am afraid, Madam, I shall never be the happy, variable Creature, that will please you: 'Tis impossible to run thro' the various Changes necessary to the Character.

Harlequin's OPERA.

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AIR L. Red House.



*Old Time, that leads the Seasons,
And turns the fickle Weather,
With Fashions freights his Pinions,
And burthens ev'ry Feather:*

*Hence, ev'ry fleeting Moment
To some new Whim is hasting;
The Moment swiftly varies,
Nor is the Whim more lasting.*

*Then how can I the Round pursue,
Or quit the Old, or learn the New?
Alike they both are ranging,
And still, too late my Changing.*

Foib. Oh, Sir! if you'll follow my Example, you'll easily overcome that Inconvenience. — You must know I am always the first in a new Fashion, and by that time the dull Creatures that mimick your fine Lady, have made their scurvy Imitation, whisk! we jump into another, and mortify the poor Wretches with the Change. Ged! I love Change. — I love to wander. — 'Tis the pleasantest thing in Nature, as I am a Toast. If 'twas the Fashion

Fashion to loves one's Husband, I should abhor Marriage. — 'twould be always the same dull Amusement, over and over again, like a cold Pasty. But, to my Comfort, Intrigue is the very Height of the Mode, and whoever is my Husband, must expect that I'll never be out of the Fashion; for, indeed, I shall mark him with a Cypher, like a piece of old-fashion'd Furniture in a Sale.

AIR LI. Some say Women are like the Sea.



*Some say Women change like Wind,
Some like Fortune's flatt'ring Smile;
Some, like Friends, when she's unkind;
Some, the hunted Statesman's Wile:
I grant it all; 'tis right to range,
And Woman's fav'rite Joy, is Change:
Change, Change, and Woman agree,
In perfect Simile.*

Merit.

Merit. I am sorry, Madam, our Tastes agree no better. — You are an Enemy to Reason, and I to Fashion; and I doubt those two Opposites can no more be reconcil'd, than a Patriot, and a Courtier.

Foib. I don't desire they should, truly. I see the Difference already; — my Humour makes me merry — yours, makes you sad — Ha, ha, ha! You look like the Bust of some old Philosopher.

Merit. Then 'tis a Philosopher in Love, Madam, I can assure you.

Foib. What, are you in Love then? Ha, ha, ha!

Merit. I thought, Madam, you had known it long ago.

Foib. Humh! I believe I did hear some such thing a long Time ago. — Excuse me; new Fashions put such Trifles out of my Head. — But, are you really in Love? Ha, ha, ha!

Merit. Yes, really, to my very great Sorrow.

Foib. Sorrow! O ridiculous! the unfashionable Creature! — Sorrowfully in Love! Ha, ha, ha! Surely you are only in Jest! Ged! you can never be so singularly unpolite?

Merit. 'Tis serious Truth, I can assure you.

AIR LII. Whilst I gaze on *Cloe* trembling.



*Have you seen a lovely Creature,
In the Eye of Fancy bred,
Angel-like in ev'ry Feature?
Such, my easy Heart betray'd.*

Foib. As I am a Toast, you shall sing no more. — Oh, hideous! Such melancholy Ditties give me the Vapours. — La! they are worse than a Psalm at an Execution, or an Owl at Midnight. — Come, come, let's go to the dear Conjuror's directly. Sweet Signior *Harlequin*! I long to see Mr. *Smooth*'s Entertainment — Some dancing Chairs — a few Witches on Broomsticks —

72 *The Fashionable Lady; or,*

or a Dance or two of Monsters. — Oh, Ged! I love such diverting Humours, mightily — they are agreeable to my Taste — they are as much in the Mode, as Horse-Racing or Quadrille.

Merit. Madam, I wait on you. — I see she is lost for ever, and with her, or without her, I shall be miserable. [*Aside.*]

A I R LIII. *Vain Belinda.*



Foib. *When Fashion wakes the gloomy Spleen,
And Fancy tortures all within;
Again 'tis Fashion makes me gay,
And Fashion drives the Gloom away.*

SCENE VI. *The Conjurer's. Sprightly, Prattle.*

Prattle. Well, I vow and protest, Mem, I am exceedingly oblig'd to your La'ship, for bringing me to the dear, dear Conjurer's.

Spright. I find Signior *Harlequin* hits your Taste, *Prattle*, as well as your Lady's.

Prat. O Mem, I have as much Right to her La'ship's Taste, as her old Cloaths, or her old Fashions; and I protest, Mem, by such helps I pass for a Wit all over our Family.

Spright. A Wit! Ha! ha! ha!

Prat. You may laugh, Mem, if you please. — But I can tell you, Mem, I have the Vapours as well my Lady, I laugh at good Sense as well as my Lady, I sing Opera Songs as well as my Lady, admire Entertainments as much as my Lady, and —

Spright.

Harlequin's O P E R A.

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Spright. Hold! hold! Mrs. *Prattle*, for Goodness sake — I believe you heartily — you are perfectly a modern Wit, as well as your Lady — nay, you are as like your Lady, as a Footman, with a *Toupee*, is like his Master.

A I R L I V. *Windsor Terras.*



*Pert Tom, and modish Sue,
At small Expence, are made
A sparkling Belle, a shining Beau,
And grow genteel by Trade :
Alike they both aspire
With courtly Airs to shine ;
Till, tumbled down, they take their own,
And swing on Alehouse Sign.*

Prat. Indeed, Mem, I must take the Freedom to tell your La'ship, you —

Spright. La'ship again? Pr'ythee don't Burlesque me with such ridiculous imaginary Titles.

Prat. La! Mem, there is not a single Person, at this end of the Town, who has ever seen the Court, or rid in a Chariot, but takes that ridiculous imaginary Title, as you are pleas'd to call it, for her due.

Spright. Their Pride and Folly would no more excuse me, than justify themselves. I desire I may be never affronted with it any more.

Prat. Affronted, Mem!

Spright.

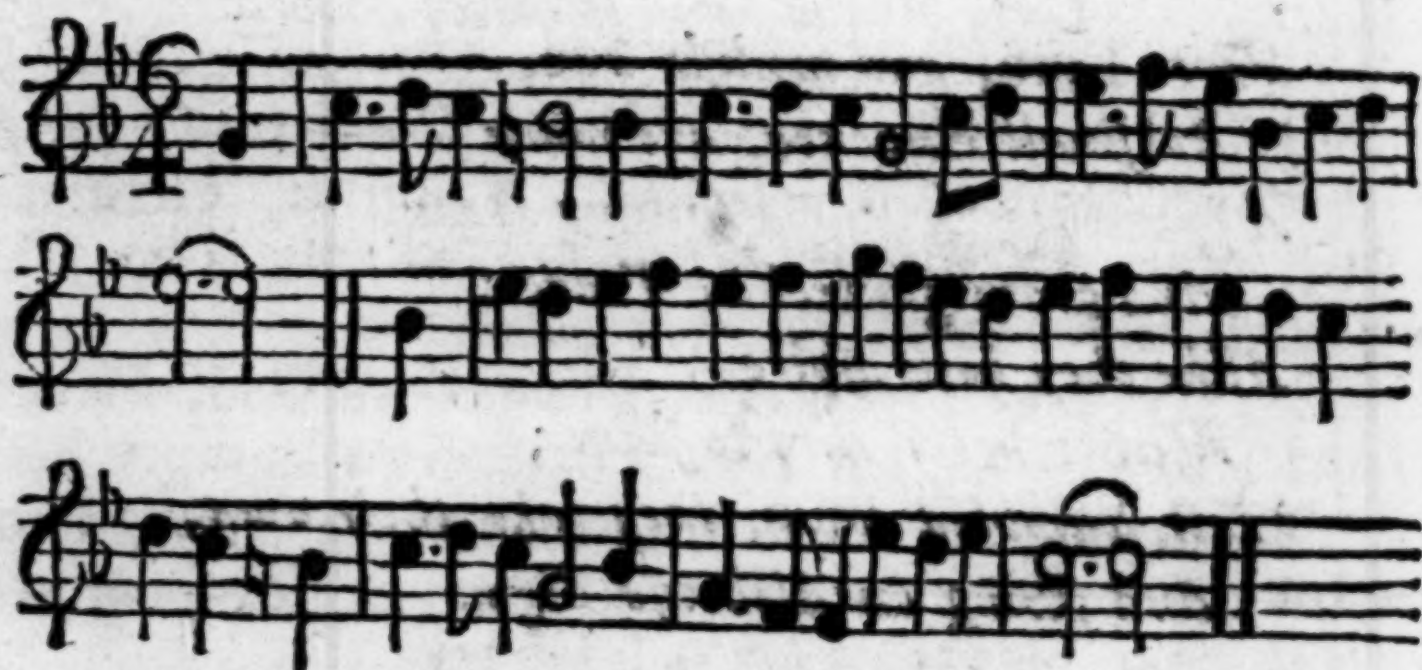
Spright. Yes, I say affronted; tho' such gross Flattery appear like Respect, it insinuates we need such a Farce of Honour to make our selves considerable. — Our Footmen do no more, when they adorn themselves with their Masters Titles.

Prat. Indeed, Mem, that's what I was going to say before 'tis as much a Question, in my Opinion, whether the Quality take up our Manners, or we theirs.

Spright. On my Life, the Jade's in the right; and, of the two, these Creatures are the more pardonable ---- they Copy their Superiors, while the others too frequently take Pains to degrade themselves below the Meanest; by indulging a false Taste, despising the true, taking pleasure in Extravagance, laughing at Virtue, insulting Ingenuity, avoiding Humanity; jesting with the most solemn Promises, trifling in the most serious Offices in Life, serious in the most trifling. ---- How often are their Lives only a Compound of Madness, and Folly? How seldom are they distinguish'd but by their Quality, and their Vices?

Prat. I don't know, Mem, whether 'twill become me to add any thing to your Satire. — But I am sure if we go half way towards them, they come the other half to meet us.

AIR LV. *The Twitcher.*



*If thoughtless of Hell, poor Prattle should sell
Her Mistress to the Lover;
The Courtier himself, in boarding the Pelf,
Is as much a Slave all over.*

A Slave!

*If Tom should procure a Bawd or a Whore,
To merit his Master's Favour;
What Statesman, if try'd, has ever deny'd
To Pimp with his best Endeavour?*

A Knave!

SCENE

SCENE VII. Sprightly, Prattle, Trifle.

Spright. So, Mr. *Trifle*, I see you are true to, your Affig-

Trifle. Verily, Madam, I always hated your *Carthaginians*; *Punica Fides* is my Aversion ----- I always keep my Pro-
es, in Opposition to Courtiers.

Spright. I perceive our Plot has succeeded admirably hi-
to.

Trifle. Ay verily has it, Madam ----- 'sbud I wish I was
ture of the Philosopher's Stone ----- we would rejoice
Archimedes on a new Demonstration in the Mathema-
s. ----- Ay, ay, I found Sir *Peevish Terrible*, and his
Brethren, according to your Directions, and no sooner
ation'd the Dumb Conjuror, but he rav'd like the *Cumean*
yl, and threaten'd nothing less than utter Destruction to
Heretick in Science. ----- Verily I will engage we have
more Gadding to the Dumb Conjuror's. ----- No, no, i'faith
ave spoil'd his Roguery ----- 'tis over with him, I can as-
you.

SCENE VIII.

*Enter Voice, and Smooth; Harlequin on the Shoulders of his
Companions, as in Triumph; Colombine and the Poets be-
hind, bearing his Cap, Wand, and Wooden Sword.*

Voice. [Sings.] *A very pretty Fancy! A rare Gallantée Show! &c.*
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Harlequin's Triumph, Gentlemen
Ladies, with the merry Humours of his Man Voice,
going to begin ---- walk in, walk in.

Bal. *Huzza! Huzza!* well said, *Voice* ----- Gad, *Voice* has
admirable *Huzza* ----- that *Huzza* deserves a Bumper before
orge — stay you Rogues, and drink round — you'll *Huzza*
better for it. [They all drink.]

Voice. Bal. &c. *Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!*

SCENE IX. Sprightly, Prattle, Trifle.

Trifle. By the *Vatican*, I am astonished ---- I am thunder-
ack ---- I have seen *Medusa's Head* ----- 'death! this Fellow
not only a Conjuror, but the Devil himself. ----- None but
the Devil cou'd have escap'd out of the Hands of an angry
ritick. ----- O miserable! What shall we do now, Madam?
Verily, here will be more villanous Assignations, and Mas-
erading Revels. ----- O the blessed Days of Antiquity! Your
cient *Britons, Saxons, Normans* ----- O they were brave
imes! — Queen *Elizabeth* and her old Courtier were the last
eliques of Antiquity!

A I R

AIR LVI. The Queen's old Courtier.



*Your old English Courtiers were Men of Renown,
By their old English Virtue their Value was known;
But those old English Courtiers are vanish'd and gone,
Oh the old Courtiers of the Queen's,
And the Queen's old Courtiers.*

*Your old English Soldiers were gallant and brave,
They'd fight like old Harry --- if once they had leave,
And, like your old Heroes, had Fame and a Grave.
Oh the old Soldiers of the Queen's, &c.*

Spright. You must have more Patience, Mr. Trifle --- you are more outrageous than a Stage Hero, and more impatient than a peevish Husband. --- You may depend on't, *Foible* will be here presently, and most of her Lovers in Consequence; they stick as close to her, as Gamesters to a young Heir.

Trifle. Yes, yes, I know they will be all here, Madam; doubtless they will be here. --- But their Company serves only to plague me, I hate them all worse than an Abuser of Antiquities, or a Contemner of Rarities.

Spright. But suppose you hate them as much as a Priest does an Atheist, can't you, when you are all together, press *Madame Foible* to a Declaration, insist upon her chusing one, and dismissing the rest. --- If the Lot fall upon you, you'll be happy --- as you can expect to be with a fine Lady --- if another, there's an end to Uncertainty and tedious Expectation.

AIR LVII. My *Chloe*, why d'ye flight me?



*Of all that racks the Lover,
What Pain soe'er he know,
Of all that Wretches suffer,
Thro' their whole Lives below,
More Expectation grieves them,
More fatally deceives them,
In greater Anguish leaves them,
Than all their certain Woe.*

Trifle. Verily, Madam, you are in the right — I will do what you advise, as sure as I am a Virtuoso.

SCENE X. Sprightly, Prattle, Trifle, Whim.

Spright. Here comes one of your Rivals, as gloomy as wet Weather, and as sullen as a condemn'd Malefactor. — So, Mr. *Whim*, what Chance has driven you hither? — I thought you hated a Conjuror like an East Wind — I should have as soon expected you at the Drawing-Room on a Birth-Day to
flew

shew your Embroideries, as at a Conjuror's to enquire your Fortune.

Whim. Oons, Madam, at this Rate I need not enquire my Fortune any where — I have often imagin'd, that a sharp Winter, a blasting Spring, a hot Summer, or a sickly Autumn would be my Death. — But I own my Mistake — a Woman's Tongue will certainly be my Bane at last — I shall be stunn'd to Death with Female Thunder.

Spright. Poor Mr. *Whim*, — I really pity your Misfortune — 'tis a terrible thing to be talk'd to Death, that's certain ; and if any Woman in *England* can do such Execution —

Whim. As I'll swear there are Thousands —

Spright. My Cousin *Faible* will dispatch you most effectually — if 'tis your Fortune to have her. — Positively, she talks as much, as fast, and as loud, as any one of them all — I wish I cou'd say as well too, that you might die in a more comfortable manner.

Whim. Comfortable ! as if 'twas in a Woman's Power to give Comfort at any rate.

Prat. You thought so, Sir, when you wanted a Woman to comfort your Constitution. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Whim. What a Devil, are you there, Mrs. *Spit-Fire* ? — Upon my Life, Madam, this Hussy had the Assurance to expect me for a Husband, and told me, for my Comfort, she could correct my Constitution as well as her Lady.

Trifle. Ha ! ha ! ha ! verily, Mr. *Whim*, I believe she could.

Spright. How *Prattle* ! What, Rival your Lady ?

Prat. No, as I hope to be sav'd, Mem, I had no such Design — I — I — — only offer'd my Service in a jocular way — Mem — I —

Spright. O was that all ! then you were mistaken, Mr. *Whim*.

Prat. Yes indeed, Mem, Mr. *Whim* was mistaken, I can assure you ; for I vow and protest, Mem, were I married to Mr. *Whim*, I should dream of nothing but wet Weather every Night, and, at Nine Months end, be brought to Bed of a Cloud.

Harlequin's OPERA:

79

AIR LVIII. Sweet if you love me come away.



Should e'er I whisper, come away,

Come away, come away,

Now, now, my Dearest, come away;

With sullen Snore, be'd groaning turn,

What, now while Fever-like you burn?

At least, if you're resolv'd to — come away, come away;

At least, my Dearest, stay till Morn.

Trifle. Ha! ha! ha! very pretty truly, very pretty, ha! ha! Poor Mr. *Whim*, verily you look as mortified, as a discarded Member of the Royal Society, or a Mathematician disappointed of the Longitude. Ha, ha, ha!

Whim. What a Pox! all against me? was ever poor Devil miserably tormented? Oons! what had I to do with a fine lady? What a Fool was I to dream of Comfort in Matrimony?

Spright. True, Mr. *Whim* — I am much of your Opinion — protest, were I a Man of your Accomplishments, I would not wait on a Woman's Leisure any longer — I'd insist on Declaration one way or another — a Man of your Accomplishments, believe me, may succeed any where.

Whim. Really, Madam, I think you have more Prudence than all your Sex beside — it shall be so — your Cousin *Foible* shall declare, ay, marry shall she — if I'm refus'd, no matter, let her go I say — a Man of my Accomplishments, you observe, Madam, may succeed any where.

CENE XI. Sprightly, Prattle, Trifle, Whim, Merit, Foible.

Foible. O Gentlemen! I am glad you are here — Signior *Harlequin* is at Liberty again, he has triumph'd, he is free — we shall have more Witches, Devils, Monsters, Dancing, Singing, Fiddling, Jumping, Fooling, and all that. — Come along, Gentlemen, come along — I am impatient till I see Mr.

Mr. *Smooth's* Entertainment; come along, 'tis after the newest Fashion, you may believe me.

Spright. Now's your time, Gentlemen; follow her, while I persuade Mr. *Merit* to fall into your Measures, and make the Scheme as effectual as you your selves can desire.

Prat. O ay, the Entertainment! the Conjuror! Witches, Devils, Monsters; Dancing, Singing, Fiddling, Jumping, Fooling, and all that.

SCENE XII. Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama.

Bal. Look ye Friend, *Drama*, I won't be fobb'd off with this paltry Chit-chat any longer — 'fore *George*, I'll have the Entertainment directly — I say bring me on the *Harlequin* — let me have the Dancers — a few Monsters — a little Witchcraft — or some Intrigues — ay, ay, some Intrigues. — By the Lord *Harry*, *Harlequin's* a sad Dog among the Girls; i'fack, he tickles them off, and if the Cuckold Rogues, their Husbands, presume to interpose, he flourishes his Wand thus, and, slap Sir, a huge pair of Horns sprout on their Heads immediately; while he runs off in Triumph with the Lady. — Come, come, Mr. *Drama*, the Intrigues, the Horns, and the Husbands, and the Monsters, and the Wives. — Before *George*, I'll have them all, in spite of Mortality, and the Fathers.

Drama. Hold, Sir, pray have a little Patience — all in good time — you would not interrupt the Plot of the Play, would you?

Bal. Oons, but I would tho' — confound the Plot and the Play too. There is more Wit in one fiery Dragon, than in all the Plays in *Europe* — Pox! give me the Entertainment — I must have some Entertainment. [Drinks]

Mean. Pr'ythee, *Ballad*, don't be so noisy. Why you roar like a twelve-penny Critick in the upper Gallery, for a favourite Song or a saucy Footman before a Nobleman's Chair. For shame let the Play proceed, and, if you must have an Entertainment, can't you drink in the mean time?

Bal. Cod so! cod so! an — excellent Ex--pedition truly — well, well, for the sake of the Joke, I will drink — you see drinking is an excellent Entertainment. [Drinks]

Mode. So, his Mouth is stopt at last, however.

Drama. I am oblig'd to the Bottle for this Indulgence — not often so serviceable; I can assure you.

SCENE XIII. Merit and Sprightly.

Spright. So, Mr. *Merit*, you are as melancholy as ever, I perceive.

Harlequin's OPERA.

81

Mer. I am sure, Madam; I have as much Reason as ever to be so.

Spright. I don't in the least question it --- as long as you help to make up the Equipage of a fashionable Lady, you can't expect to be otherwise.

Mer. Faith, Madam, I am grown weary of the Honour she did me, and have --- at last --- discharg'd my self from her Service. 'Tis true, her Folly, and your Reason, have done more for me, than all my own Philosophy. A Woman so affectedly vain, so whimsically trifling, so insipidly merry, and so foolishly presuming, is fit for nothing but the Ridicule of good Sense, and the Laugh of the Stage.

AIR LIX. Coal black Joak.



*Were I to chuse my fav'rite Charms,
The Beauty that should bless my Arms;
The dearest Friend! and the fondest Bride!
No more the modish trifling Dame
Should lure my Vows, or taint my Fame;
Her Joy is Dress, and her Passion Pride!
The blushing Fair my Vows employ,
Whose Soul is Love, whose Eyes are Joy;
Whose Heart, from ev'ry Folly free,
In gentle Transport beats for me,
The dearest Friend! and the fondest Bride!*

Spright. Really this is a Change indeed! I have some Hopes of you now. Before, I imagin'd one part of your Conduct was a Satire on the other; or at least, you were grown so very happy, that some Affliction was necessary to qualify it. If so, my

G

Contra

Cousin had answer'd that End to Advantage—like other good Husbands, you would have had no Torment but your Wife.

Mer. Truce with your Railery now, Madam, however.—When a Town is surrender'd, all Hostilities should cease; 'tis a little inhumane to insult a conquer'd Enemy.

Spright. 'Tis not intended as an Insult, you may believe me, but only a Trial of your Fidelity.

AIR LX. With tuneful Pipe and merry Glee.



*When Anger fires the Lover's Heart,
And Fondness slumbring lies,
He thinks Desire is on the Wing,
And all his Passion dies;
But Anger soon
Forgets its Frown,
And fond Desire returns;
The Lover's Pain
Succeeds again,
And Sorrow vainly mourns.*

(Mer.)

Harlequin's OPERA.

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Mer. O Madam, I see the Danger I have escap'd in the strongest Light imaginable, and, if I return, may I be chronicled for a Fool, in every new Lampoon, for a Year together.

AIR LXI. Farewel, thou false *Philander*.



*The Wretch who 'scapes the Ocean,
Tho' shipwreck'd on the Strand,
Yet dares the rude Commotion,
To drag his Wealth to Land:
The Wretch, so madly daring,
His Fate deserves to find;
Let ev'ry Billow bear him!
The Sport of ev'ry Wind!*

Spright. I am glad to find you so reasonably resolv'd. I have a Design to mortify my Cousin into a Reformation, if possible. Do you think you can look calmly on the Charms you so lately desir'd, and make a voluntary Resignation? Nay, can you look as pleas'd all the while, as a bearded Jew in *Change-Alley*, cheating one of the *Gentiles*? Consider, she has a fine Out-side,—twas that you lov'd, and, while it continues as beautiful and as enchanting as ever, are not you as liable as ever to the Snare?

G 2

AIR

*The Fashionable Lady; or,*AIR LXII. *Young Philoret.*

*If to your Arms, with all her Charms,
 In soft Desire she flew;
 If fondly kind, to Fashion blind,
 She liv'd alone for you;
 Could you for ever Love resign,
 For ever quit her Snare,
 With Heart unmov'd, attend her Moan,
 And scorn the dying Fair?*

Mer. Upon my Life, Madam, you have touch'd me to the Quick indeed: Such a Picture as this has Charms enough to ensnare a Statesman, and tempt a Hermit.—'Tis like describing a delicious Prospect in the Bloom of Spring, giving a double Pleasure to every Circumstance.—But I'll think it all Inchantment, that Devils guard it, Ruin attends it, and obstinately shut my Eyes on all its Beauty.

AIR

Harlequin's OPERA.

37

AIR LXIII. When *Palatines* came o'er.



*Smooth o'er the green Sea's Wave
The Syrens dance along,
Display their fatal Charms,
And trill their tempting Song;
But vain the tempting Lay,
As vain their sportive Play;
The Pilot sails away,
Secure away.*

Spright. Then, Sir, you have gain'd a Victory indeed. 'Tis certainly as hard to overcome a Passion, as humanize a Miser.

G 3

AIR

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R

The Fashionable Lady ; or,

AIR LXIV. Thro' the Wood, Laddie.



The Pleasure of Love is the Cause of its Pain ;

Amid all our Anguish,

For Pleasure we languish ;

But Love without Pleasure should lure us in vain,

We love for the Pleasure, and not for the Pain.

Mer. *For Pleasure we love ; but in Love there is Pain ;*

For Pleasure we languish,

Yet groan with our Anguish,

For Love and its Pleasure we labour in vain,

We love for the Pleasure, but meet with the Pain.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

SCENE drawing, discovers Harlequin in his Chair, Punch, Scaramouch, Pierot, Pantaloon, in the Manner and Posture of Statues, behind him: Two Giants, one on each Side of the Stage; by one stands Cerberus, by the other Pegasus: beyond them Angels and Furies promiscuously ranged; the Devil and Death ending the Line: Above are Machines of Gods and Goddesses, Dragons with Witches astride them; the back Scene decorated with the Sun and Moon, one Range of the Scenery a Colonnade, the other a Wood.

SCENE XV. Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama.

Bal. Oons, you little Dog, what a Scene is here? Faith the very Effence and Quintessence of every Entertainment extant. Drama, I'll love thee as long as I live for this—O my poor Boy's Wedding! 'twill be a glorious Wedding! it makes me weep for very Joy. Meanwell, Modely, you grumbling Rogues! here's a Scene! Shakespear, Johnson, Otway! Oons, they never saw such a Scene in their whole Lives.

Drama. Really, Sir, I am very much of your Opinion.

Modely. Pr'ythee, Ballad, don't be so impertinent---let the Players proceed. By the Universe, I'm tir'd to Death with his Nonsense.

Mean. Be patient a little longer, Modely—let the old Gentleman rejoice over his good Fortune—his Humour is as good as the Play.

Bal. Sweet Signior Harlequin! let me kiss thee, old Boy; and you my little dumb Rascals; but mum for that; cry Mercy, here's the Devil too---my Service to you, you black Whoresbird, with all my Heart. O Death, thou long-liv'd Mortal, give me thy Hand, and let's lead up a Dance. Oons, we'll have Death's Dance more to the Life than Holben's—but Gad forgive me, we'll see the End of the Opera first; and then we'll dance all together, like a Medly of Fools at a Masquerade.

SCENE XVI. Merit, Smooth, Hackum, Whim, Trifle, Foible, Sprightly, Prattle, Voice.

Voice. Look ye, noble Captain, you may be as quarrelsome as a surly Justice, or a Town-Rake, if you please; but you know 'tis not convenient for you to quarrel here; these Gentlemen will spare you their Seats again, if you care to accept the Favour. Beside, Mr. Smooth is the civilest Man alive, and

pleaded for your Enlargement like a begging Courtier, or a Borough Candidate; what can you desire more?

Smooth. Yes, indeed Captain I did now; and what can a reasonable Man desire more?

Foible. Mr. *Smooth*, give your self no farther Trouble about the ill-bred Creature — I'll be your Protection.

Hack. Ill-bred Creature! s'death she takes his Part — what a Devil, Madam, do you prefer this trifling Silk-Worm, this gaudy Butterfly, this chirping Cock-Sparrow, to a Man of my Courage and Renown? Blood and Thunder! I'll be reveng'd.

Smooth. Indeed, Sir, but you shan't — I intend to keep out of his Way. Dem it, he stares like his Ship's Lion, and is as testy as a proud Church-Warden. [*Aside.*

AIR LXV. Fye now pr'ythee *John*.



Voice. *Fye, fye, think of Peace,
Pray let Quarrels cease;
Let's be friendly — De'el take Dispute.*

Smooth. 'Twas *Hackum's* Fault, he rav'd and swore,
Like *Ruffian* Swifs, or drunken *Whore*;
Not that I heed the Roar
Of such a surly Brute!

Hack. Sirrah, you lie, I scorn your Word,
You Dog, I'll make you eat my Sword.

Smooth. Go, Bully Huff, and storm aboard,
Why, what are you ashore?

Voice. Look ye, Gentlemen, here's the Doctor [*Harlequin interposes.*] I fancy a Touch of his Art will silence us all, like a Justice's Warrant.

Hack. Confound this Wizard, I hate him worse than a Pirate or a Spaniard. *Smooth.*

Smooth. O dear Sir *Harlequin*, I am infinitely oblig'd to you for this Favour, I forgive you my Journey to the Moon with all my Heart.

[*Harlequin waves his Wand, and leads up his Mutes in a Dance.*]

SCENE XVII. *Ballad, Modely, Meanwell, Drama.*

Bal. Oons, *Drama*, take the Bottle---take the Bottle this Instant---I'll lead up the Dance my self, and *Death* or the *Devil* shall be my Partner. [*He puts the Dancers in Confusion.*]

Mode. Sink me, this is insufferable----he has spoil'd the very best Scene in the whole Play.

Mean. Pr'ythee be quiet----'twas only in search of a proper Partner.

Drama. Indeed, Mr. *Ballad*, you disorder us strangely, we shall never end the Rehearsal at this Rate.

Mode. Devil take him, he's as troublesome as Advice to a losing Gamester.

Mean. Then we'll thrust him out of the Company, for his Folly.

Mode. With all my Heart, by the Universe---I wish we had serv'd him so an Hour ago---come *Drama*, let's away with him.

Bal. Oons, Gentlemen, what do you mean? why, 'tis my Son *Rattle's* Wedding---my very own Play.

Mean. You may be as dumb as your own *Harlequin*, if you please---so take your Bottle and troop off---that's the only Entertainment you understand.

Bal. Confound these damn'd Criticks----they are as arbitrary as the *Turk*, and as unmannerly as the Devil.

[*They push him off.*]

SCENE XVIII. *The same Persons as before.*

Foible. As I am a Toast, the Doctor is a most facetious Person---I am prodigiously charm'd with his Entertainment---I never saw a more fashionable Thing in my Life, I vow and protest.

Prat. Nor I neither, Mem, as I am a Person.

Trifle. Verily, Madam, by the Doctor's leave, I must intrude on his Entertainment, and ask your Ladyship a very serious Question.

Foible. Then you'll be very impertinent, I assure you, Sir,---I hate every thing that is serious, mortally.

Trifle. Verily, Madam, I must persist in my Intreaty, tho' the Bust of *Cicero* should plead to the contrary---therefore, Madam, be so good as inform us who is the happy Person you will select from your humble Servants, as your most particular Rarity? I appeal to them all, whether it is not a very reasonable Question.

Whim. Ay, ay, Mr. *Trifle*, a very reasonable Question.

Smooth.

The Fashionable Lady ; or,

Smooth. Captain, will you do me the Honour of speaking first?

Hack. Ay, and last too, Mr. *Flutter*: Blood I say 'tis reasonable.

Merit. I am of the same Opinion, Gentlemen.

Smooth. Dem it, and I too.

Spright. I think your Ladyship has a very fair Election.

Prat. Yes indeed, Mem, her La'ship has Variety enough.

Foible. Well, Gentlemen, since you are so importunate to insist on a Declaration —

Merit. Hold! Madam, a Moment, if you please — I beg Leave to prevent your Refusal of me — by giving up the Cause — From henceforward this Lady receives my Addresses — Where Reason will justify Inclination, and Friendship recommend Love.

Foible. Sir, I must tell you, as I never valued your Love — I shall never lament the Loss, you may assure your self — and so — Mrs. *Sprightly*, you are very welcome to your unfashionable Man of Sense. Ha! ha! ha!

Spright. And you to your fashionable Fools, Mrs. *Foible*. Ha! ha! ha!

AIR LXVI. Let Burgundy flow.



Foible.

*While Dress and while Play
Is our whole Delight,
At the Wild, Young, and Gay,
Let my Darts wing their Flight;
Let Love be their Guide,
Their Pleasure, their Pride,*

And Wisdom be Husband when you are the Bride.

Spright.

*Let Wisdom be mine,
Let Folly be Thine,*

And both will be blest, as their Wishes incline.

Foible.

Harlequin's OPERA.

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Foible. *Let Love be their Guide,
Their Pleasure, their Pride,
Let Wisdom,*

Spright. — — — *Let Folly,*

Foible. — — — *Let Wisdom,*

Spright. — — — *Let Folly,
Let Wisdom be mine,
Let Folly be thine,*

Both. *And both will be blest, as their Wishes incline.*

Hack. By the Wars, this *Merit* is a gallant Fellow — Blood, I'll discharge her too, — and then I shall be reveng'd for her slighting me — Madam, I am a rough Seaman, d'ye see — and don't care a Rope's End for all the Women in *England*, sink, or swim — You may take me at my Word, Lady — I speak my Mind bluntly.

Foible. Yes, yes, Captain *Bluster*, I know you do — But such an awkward unpolite Monster, as you are, with all your Raggamuffin Airs, can never give a fine Lady any Pain — and so you may pay your rude Addresses to Mrs. *Sprightly* too, if you please — I am indifferent still, I can assure you.

Whim. If he does not, Madam — I can tell your Ladyship I shall — I am weary of courting the Fashion, and giving my self the Torment of a Wild-geese Chace.

Foible. I must tell you, Sir, I am as weary of your Humours, as you are of the Fashion — You may do what you please — Such Creatures are not worth my Notice!

Prat. I fancy, Mr. *Whim*, you'll lose your Time on Mrs. *Sprightly* — You had better accept my Offer to correct your Constitution.

Whim. Any one, rather than a fashionable Lady.

Trifle. Verily this is the greatest Rarity I ever saw in my Life. — The Daw, stript of her borrow'd Plumes in the Fable, is nothing comparable to a Fashionable Lady, deserted by her Lovers — Verily, I will not spoil the Joke, by an unseasonable Constancy — Madam, I humbly beg your Ladyship's Leave, to dismiss my self from your Collection of Lovers.

Foible. O Sir, you are very welcome — I assure you — I can dispense with a Virtuoso at any Time — He is no such Rarity — To be as free with you, Gentlemen, as you have been with me — 'twas my Design to have refus'd you all, except the fashionable Mr. *Smooth*, and He — shall be my Choice notwithstanding.

Smooth. Pardon me, Mem — Dem it, I wonder your La'ship should be so mistaken — Not when you are out of Fashion your self, Mem; not when your out of Fashion your self, for the

The Fashionable Lady ; or,

the World — Such an Absurdity would be an eternal Affront to a Man of my Genius.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Foible. Dem your Genius, Fopling — This is unsufferable — What, forsaken! despis'd! laugh'd at! impossible! — *Prattle!* — the Hartshorn — the Hartshorn, *Prattle!* [Swoons.

Voice. So, so, she recovers — Madam, the Doctor, being infinitely concern'd for your La'ship's Uneasiness, presumes to offer his Service in lieu of these Deserters — What say you, Madam? — The Doctor is perfectly in Fashion, and can transform himself to any Shape to please you; even Baboon, Dog, or any other Beast in *Æsop's Fables.*

Foible. The Doctor! ay, Fellow, the Devil! any fashionable Thing in the Universe, to mortify these ill-bred Fellows.

Voice. Huzza! Noble Doctor, Gallant Doctor! let's have a *Chorus* and t'other Dance, and a Fig for *Merry-Andrews* and Country Fairs, I say.

AIR LXVII. Come follow, follow me.



Come, follow, follow me,
I'faith we'll merry be;
The Musick of the Spheres
Shall lead us by the Ears:

Hand

Harlequin's OPERA.

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*Hand in Hand we'll dance around;
This is all enchanted Ground.
Hand in Hand, &c.*

A GRAND DANCE.

AIR LXVIII. Butter'd Peas.



Mer. *Had you, fair Lady, deign'd to smile
Upon a wretched Lover's Pain,
Still on your Breast I'd breath'd my Vows,
Nor ever wish'd to rove again.*

Spright. *But Fashion, Fashion was the Charm
The Wanton courted ev'ry Hour;
For Fashion, Fashion you was scorn'd:
But now her Scorn will sting no more.*

Chorus. *By Pride, and Folly, cur'd at last
Of idle Love's fantastick Pain;
As once we all were Slaves alike,
Alike we all are free again.*

SCENE XIX. Meanwell, Modely, Drama.

Drama. Gentlemen, I thank you for your Patience. I wish my *Opera* has given you any Entertainment ——— Such as 'tis, I throw it on the Mercy of the Town; in hope 'twill be receiv'd favourably, for its Intention Sake.

Mode. By the Universe, Mr. *Drama*, if you had not sneer'd so often at *Italian Operas*, I could almost wish you good Success.

Mean. The Intention is really good, ——— and if 'twas not an *Opera*, I too would wish you the same with all my Heart — But as the Case is, I am really ashamed to see a
British

British Audience shout to insipid Farces, that have mistaken their Climate, and intruded on the *Theatre Royal*, instead of *Bartholomew-Fair* or the *Borough*.

Drama. Why, Sir, to be free, I am as much ashamed as you; and, for that very Reason, made my humble Essay in this Kind of Entertainment, to prevent a worse— For every little Creature now, who has ever scribbled a Popular Ballad, or an amorous Song, thinks himself capable of writing an *English Opera*, and charming the politest Audience.

But now the Muses fav'rite Sons arise,
Politely learn'd, and elegantly wise,
Arise Majestick to reform the Stage,
And, with a nobler Scene, delight th' admiring Age.

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